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SELECT BEAUTIES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

SELECTED REACTIVES

OF

ANTIENTHROPIC



SIXTH VOLUME

VOL. VI

M No 4

SELECT BEAUTIES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

WITH REMARKS
BY HENRY HEADLEY, A. B.

THE MONUMENT OF BANISHED MINDES.

Sir W. Davenant



L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXXXVII.



T O

WILLIAM WINDHAM, Esq. M. P.

O F

FELBRIG, NORFOLK.

S I R,

It is some satisfaction to me in my anxiety for the fate of these volumes, that let the decisions of Criticism be what they will, in being permitted to affix your name to them, I am at least securing a degree of reflected lustre to one page; while every reader who is acquainted with your character, will be pleased to find, that the same generous and watchful attention which you dedicate to the liberty and interests of your Country, you are not backward in extending even to the most distant and collateral branches of its Literature.

Your much obliged

Norwich,
Feb. 14, 1787.

Humble Servant,

HENRY HEADLEY.

WILLIAM WINDHAM, Esq. M.P.

TELETYPE, NEW YORK.

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the ...
I am sorry to hear that you are not well, and hope that you will soon be able to resume your duties. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. ...

WILLIAM WINDHAM, Esq.

P R E F A C E.

TO those who may have made the poetry of this country a subject of serious and deliberate investigation, the following Extracts will afford neither entertainment nor instruction, as their own track of reading must have previously familiarized their several contents. From such, therefore, I have not the vanity to expect either thanks or attention: but as enquirers of this kind are comparatively few, a large and a respectable body of the public remains, to whom a work of this nature seems not improperly adapted; a work, that might at once do justice to deserted merit, diversify the materials of common reading, and by opening fresh sources of innocent amusement, tend to strengthen and co-operate with that taste for poetical antiquities which for some time past has been considerably advancing. Those who have long been accustomed to the correctness and refinement of a classical course of study, whose minds are become pampered with the luxuries of Rome and of Athens, soon form a habit of turning with aversion, from those paths of Science which are at first, perhaps, uninviting, and apparently but little congenial with their favourite pursuits; from such readers the moth and the spider are in no danger of molestation: trusting to the taste and the diligence of others, it is through the medium of compilation they are generally made acquainted with the obscurer poets of their country. To constitute a relish for the Black-Letter, a certain degree of literary Quixotism is highly requisite:

fite : he who is unwilling to penetrate the barren heath and the solitary desert, he who cannot encounter weariness, perplexity, and disgust ; he who is not actuated by an enthusiasm for his employment, is no true knight, and unfit for such service. That species of occasional readers to whom business is the object of life, who may chance to while away their hour of relaxation with a book, it is humbly hoped, will be here as likely to meet with a moral sentiment, a good image, a pathetic incident, or a pointed reflection, that may strike the fancy, the judgement, or the heart, as in any miscellany of modern poetry whatever : perhaps from the advantages of novelty here offered they may stand a better chance of losing their indifference, and after roving with the usual listlessness of a fickle appetite, may at last find a something to settle upon with pleasure. Of similar publications, I do not think it necessary to give a very particular account, indeed I know of none that comes under that title exactly. What, however, I have chiefly found those which may be perversely considered as similar, I will state as briefly as possible, and how far in the execution of my plan I have deviated from them. The compilations I have hitherto met with, from being either too limited or too extensive, have always appeared to me imperfect. Some, under a variety of quaint and affected titles, selected from authors far too well known * to stand in need of such partial and disjointed recommendation, and who in fact hold a most distinguished rank in the School of the People ; others I have found mere common-place books of mutilated quotations, adapted to the illustration only of an alphabetical list of given subjects, without (as it should seem) the most distant reference to the beauties of composition. Nor are there wanting those, which seem formed, almost at random, from the great mass

* As Cowley, Dryden, Waller, Denham.

of our Poetry, both ancient and modern, where we must not be alarmed if we meet with our friend, or our neighbour, in the same page with a Shakspeare, a Milton, and a Pope *. Selections expressly of beauties † from modern books of credit, unless immediately intended for the use of schools, are in a great degree idle and impertinent, and do but multiply books to no good end; by anticipating him, they deprive the reader of that pleasure which every one feels, and of that right which every one is entitled to, of judging for himself; but in obscure literature of a more remote period, the contents of which are strangely unequal, even where it is the wish of the editor to exhibit them entire, it is safer, previously to allure curiosity by select specimens of prominent excellence, than to run the risque of suppressing it totally by an indiscriminate and bulky republication of the whole: for it not unfrequently happens on the first inspection of such works, in which the beauties bear no proportion to the defects, that by an unlucky sort of perverseness the reader is confronted with a dull passage, or perhaps a series of them, the volume is instantly laid aside, and with it every intention of a re-examination. In such cases, therefore, and in such only, Selections

* From this censure it is but justice to except. The Muses Library, a work which was intended to exhibit a systematic view of the progress of our Poetry from its origin with the Saxons, to the reign of Charles the II. It was begun with fidelity and spirit by a Mrs. Cowper, with the assistance of Mr. Oldys; only one volume appeared, which is very scarce. The Quin-essence of English Poetry, 3 vols. Lond. MDCCXL. a work comprehending a considerable range of our old Poets, is, I think, the next in point of merit; the preface is neatly written.

† Dr. Goldsmith, who was only unhappy amidst all the works he undertook in his Beauties of English Poetry, disgraced himself by a very superficial and hasty compilation of the kind.

seem

seem eminently of use, and were it possible to obtain the opinions of the forgotten authors in question, there can be little doubt of their acquiescing in a revival of their works, however partial, rather than meet the horrors of perpetual oblivion. As far as relates to myself, I have avoided, as much as possible, touching those who have already justly obtained the distinction of being denominated our Older Classics *, who, though not universally either read or understood (as must ever be the case with the best elder writers in every country), are notwithstanding familiar to us in conversation, and constantly appealed to in controverted points of poetical taste: these I have studiously avoided, and confined myself in the general, to some of the better parts of the unfortunate few who still remain unpopular, and of whom I may safely affirm, that they may find foils in many writers, who, through accident and partiality, still linger amongst the favourites of the day. There are not wanting those who consider works of this kind, as taking very unjustifiable liberties with the deceased, and who think no good reason can be assigned to warrant the havoc that ensues in the formation of them: there is a specious kind of Philanthropy in the argument, and, as such, it deserves attention. Let us for a moment recollect the fate of Cowley.

“ ——— et crimine ex uno

“ Disce omnes——.”

VIRGIL.

As the unnatural relish for tinsel and metaphysical conceit declined, his bays gradually lost their verdure; he was no longer to be found in the hands of the multitude, and untouched even in the closets of the curious; in short, the

* As Chaucer, Shakspere, Jonson, Milton.

shades of oblivion gathered fast upon him. In consequence, however, of many detached parts of him which teem with the finest pictures of the heart, Bishop Hurd undertook his well-known edition, in which the most exceptionable Poetry (that had operated like a mill-stone and sunk the rest) is omitted, and the generality of his charms preserved, he has now a dozen readers where before he had scarce one. To those who set a value on their hours an accidental fascinating line, or a happy expression, is no compensation for the loss of them : for such readers, many authors must be mangled in order to be read ; the cost of working some mines is more than the gold extracted will sometimes repay.—— Yet in thus playing the anatomist, every one who has sensibility, must, more or less, feel a melancholy reluctance at rejecting too fastidiously ; the very reflection that the writers of these works upon which we now calmly sit in judgement, have no longer the power of personally pleading for themselves, the temporary supports of prejudice, patronage, and fashion, have long subsided for ever ; that, in composing them, they might have forfeited their time, their fortune, and their health, and on many of those passages which we now by a random stroke of the pen deprive them of, might have fondly hoped to build their immortality ; affords an irresistibly affecting specimen of the instability and hazard of human expectations. With the “ *disjecti membra Poetæ* ” before me, let me be pardoned then, if I have sometimes, as I fear I have, listened to the captivating whispers of mercy instead of the cool dictates of unsentimental criticism : often have I exulted to find an unexpected and latent beauty, which on a first perusal had escaped me, that might countenance the preservation of a doubtful passage, which I had just doomed to its former oblivion. The end of a moralizing mood is too frequently
nonsensical ;

nonfensical ; yet is there not something that holds out a strong incentive to the love of fame and the cultivation of the mind, when we thus see its works, though shrouded by occasional depressions, yet resting on the rock of Truth, insensible, as it were, to the lapse of Time and the wrecks of years, and surmounting at last every impediment, while the body to which they belonged has for ages been the plaything of the winds, or hardened with the clod of the valley ? Let me conclude with an apology to my reader, which I am sorry to be under the necessity of making. In my endeavours to render these volumes worthy of attention, I have been thwarted by a situation peculiarly unfavourable to such pursuits : the repositories, museums, and libraries of the curious, from whence, and whence only, adequate materials are to be drawn, I have had no access to ; a small private collection was my only resource, some few notices from the Ashmolean MSS. in Oxford being excepted. For assistance received I am solely indebted to my very dear Friend Mr. William Benwell, of Trin. Coll. Oxon, whose ingenuity and kindness furnished me with many hints. Should I be so fortunate, however, as to succeed in what is here offered to the Public, it is my intention to extend my plan to two additional volumes, which will include a variety of pieces in a less serious style ; to the completion of which neither attention nor expence will be spared.

Had I given way to the temptation of enriching my work with specimens from Older Dramatic Authors, I must infallibly have enlarged my plan for their admission. They afford a field for selection, sufficiently wide of themselves, to form a complete work. I have, therefore, with the exception of two or three instances, totally avoided them.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE the accumulated materials of successive ages seem to have been requisite for the completion of other Arts, many of which, indeed, still remain imperfect and progressive, Poetry, with a certain preternatural excentricity, has distinguished herself by arriving at a degree of comparative perfection, with less gradual and adventitious assistance.

“ ——— nec longum tempus et ingens,
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos.”

Though ages have elapsed since the birth of Homer, we still gaze at him with undiminished curiosity, till our eyes grow dim with admiration : yet this Bard, who has stood the scrutiny of Greece and of Rome, and the trying test of three thousand years, had no pre-existing models of consequence to look up to ; the literary prospects of his day were barren, uncultivated, and disheartening. Criticism, as it was a subsequent production to his works, and in great measure originally derived from them, had no share in advancing him to
immor-

immortality, by forming his taste, correcting his fancy, or improving his judgement. Shakspeare, whose name will suffer little in being mentioned after him, at a time when to read and write was an accomplishment, untutored by learning (for those scanty sparks of it that faintly glimmered on his eye through the medium of translation, are hardly to be considered as such), destitute of the advantages of birth, without rules, and without examples, carried Dramatic Poetry to a height that has hitherto baffled imitation, and seems likely to descend to future times without a rival. The original rectitude of some mens minds, of the

“ —Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter ———.”

is such, as to serve them in place both of rules and examples; and though Genius, thus unassisted, seldom in any department of Science produces a perfect model, yet it is always its pride, and not unfrequently its lot, to rise in proportion to the deficiency of its resources, and bear up without them in such a manner as to give an appearance of their being unnecessary. If we seriously and impartially examine the cluster of poetical names that shone, and were concentrated in the space of ninety-one years from the accession of Elizabeth inclusively, to the restoration of Charles the second, and compare them with those who have respectively flourished from that time to this, a period of an hundred and thirty-eight years, we shall find the phalanx of older classics but little affected by a comparison with the more modern muster-roll. The following scale will tend at one view to illustrate how large and valuable a portion of Literature is comprehended in a very narrow period. Many names are omitted of no particular import individually or collectively considered.

ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH began to reign in 1558.

Epic Poets.	Philosophical & Metaphysical	Dramatic.	Historical.
Spencer, Milton, Davenant.	Sir J. Davis, Phin. Fletcher, Giles Fletcher, H. More.	G. Gascoyne, Shakspeare, Massinger, Jonson, Beaumont & Fletcher, Shirley.	Niccolls, Sackville, Daniel, Drayton, May, J. Beaumont.
Satyirical.	Pastoral.	Amatory, & Miscellaneous.	Translators.
Hall, Marlton, Rowlands, Donne.	Warner, Drayton, Browne, Fairfax.	Raleigh, Drummond, Marlowe, Cowley, Carew, Corbet, King, Habington, Cartwright, Randolph, Suckling.	Fairfax, Sandys, Crafiawe.

In thus bringing forward the most meritorious and prominent luminaries of a past age, a natural question seems to arise; how happens it that the great parts of Poetry should so soon be filled up, and manifest a degree of excellence in some respects unequalled, and in others unexceeded, by our later writers? In the following remarks I have endeavoured

to

to assign a true reason. I cannot but think, that there exists a very close analogy, between the intellectual and the bodily powers, and that the strength of the one, in its operations, is in a similar manner affected with that of the other. The secondary endeavours of bodily exertion are seldom proportioned to the ardour of the first; the labours of the Husbandman are generally found to be most efficacious in the morning, the sultry noon induces lassitude and weakness, and "*the night cometh on in which no man worketh.*" If we turn our eyes to the mind's works in individuals, instances are sufficiently numerous where its primary effusions remain unequalled by every succeeding one; like the nature of some soils, whose fertility is exhausted by a single harvest, and whose after-crops do but teem with the rankest weeds or the most sickly flowers. The star of Science no sooner appeared in the British hemisphere, than, struck with the luxury of its beams, the minds of men were suddenly aroused and awakened to the most animated exertions, and the most daring flights; silent were the legendary oracles of the Bard and the Minstrel, the dark and long-impending clouds of barbarism were dispelled, and instantly gave way to a clear and a healthy horizon. Add to this, we constantly find a period in the annals of every country, at which its people begin to be sensible of the shame and the ignominy of ignorance: this no sooner becomes perceived than it is deeply felt; the mind, stimulated by a forcible impulse, catches the alarm, and hastens at once to renounce its slavery; in the struggle and collision that ensues, the Genius of the people frequently takes astonishing strides towards perfection. Not satisfied with a tardy, gradual, and deliberate reform, the cause of learning and improvement is carried far beyond those limits that experience and cooler reason might have fixed for its advances. Peter
the

the Great had no sooner returned from the inspection of foreign courts, and the influence of the transplanted Arts had begun to soften the grossness and severity of the Russian manners; than his court, disgusted at the meanness of their appearance, would not content themselves with a mere reform, nor proceed in the common course, from squalor to decency, and from thence to elegance; but resolved to do something; and not knowing where to stop, they hastily passed over the happy medium, and assumed at once an air of tawdry splendor, of awkward and irregular magnificence, not to be paralleled by any nation on the face of the globe. We may yet farther observe, that the military spirit of the day, in Eliza's reign, being put upon the stretch far beyond its usual tone by the perilous and alarming situation of the kingdom, served to excite and to diffuse a general inclination for action, that invigorated attempts of every kind, whether literary or political. The temper of the times was happily and singularly disposed for the reception and cultivation of the classics, which then more immediately began to operate with salutary effects. The manly spirit of expiring Chivalry lent a romantic grace to the prevailing taste, which, associating with the fantastic incongruities of Italian imagery, required nothing but the chastity and good sense of Ancient Learning to add a weight, and a value, to composition which was hitherto unknown. In order to enter more closely into the nature of that species of Poetry which it is the purpose of these volumes to recommend, it will be necessary to consider it under the following heads, Language, Versification, Style, Sentiment, and Imagery. As to Language, it has been very justly remarked by Johnson, that "from the authors which rose in the time of Elizabeth a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes

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poses

poses of use and elegance *." This acknowledgement of the Doctor's is confirmed by Dryden: in his Essay on Dramatic Poesie, speaking of B. and Fletcher, he says, "I am apt to believe the English Language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental." It would have been a matter of national advantage, had Johnson, after an attentive perusal of the Poets of this age, distinguished in his Dictionary those particular obsolete words which, from their sound and significance, merit use and adoption; the sanction of his authority might have gone far towards restoring them to that rank, both in writing and conversation, which they have too long undeservedly forfeited: but, by the contracted list of authors his quotations are drawn from, it is evident he neglected dirtying himself in the dust of the Black-Letter, a task which, however uninviting, was indispensably requisite to the completion of his plan, and without which, no man can clearly survey the obscure foundations of our language. It is observed by Sir W. Davenant † of Spenser, "that our language did receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words." Every reader's experience must witness the truth of the remark; by a too indiscriminate use of antiquated words, coarse and obsolete idioms, Spenser ‡ has no doubt blemished his poem; as a painter may overcharge a Landscape with a profuse introduction of Ruins. Yet, on the whole, Spenser's works are an inexhaustible mine of the richest materials, forming in fact the very bullion of our language; and it is to be lamented they are so rarely explored for present use. Milton was fully con-

* Fugitive Pieces, vol. II. p. 74.

† Preface to Gondibert, p. 3. Fol. Edit.

‡ Spenser has incurred the censure of Edmund Bolton, the first sensible old English Critic, for the affected antiquity of his language.

scious of their value ; and many of the most admired and popular passages in his works, to every intelligent reader,

“ ——— Whisper whence they stole

Those balmy spoils” ———.

Par. Loft.

When Bishop Burnet * objected against him, that he “ made many new and rough words,” he certainly betrayed the narrowness of his reading ; what he concluded the production of Milton, was but the sterling and current coin of the preceding century ; and, at a time when it had fallen into disrepute, was again circulated by our Divine Bard, in opposition to the fastidiousness and false refinement of the wits and the coxcombs of his age. Pope, Atterbury, and Swift, who headed one party, Addison, Congreve, and Steele, who led the other, in Queen Anne’s reign, with their respective minor adherents, in the general tenour of their writings, addressed the Judgement rather than the Fancy, and, with a Parnassian sneer peculiar to themselves, either neglected or hunted down their poetical predecessors ; some of them, who deserved better treatment, were even wantonly pounded in the Dunciad. Let them take their share of praise, and rest contented. Satyre and Morality they carried to perfection ; but the higher regions of Poesy received neither extension nor embellishment from their hands. In new modeling the language of verse, they have given it an artificial gloss, a seductive and meretricious lustre, of which its primary purity had no need. Compound epithets, which are the life of a language, and in which our own is far from being deficient, they almost totally discarded. It is rather remarkable, that Pope, who has expressed his relish for them in Homer, should be inattentive to them in his own writings. He

* Burnet’s History of his own Time, vol. L. p. 163.

justly observes, in his Preface to the *Iliad* *, that, "as a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description." Aristotle has said of Homer, that he was the only one who had discovered *living words*, an appellation highly characteristic of the epithets I am mentioning, which are from the recommendation and example of a few men of taste making their way into our poetry a second time, after a long discontinuance. Many valuable hints on this subject are suggested in the correspondence of Mr. Gray with his friend Mr. West. The latter had disapproved of some expressions in Gray's *Agrippina*, who well replies, that "the language of the age is never the language of Poetry;" and what is still more to the purpose, "Shakspeare's language is one of his principal beauties †; and he has no less advantages over our Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellencies you mention; every word in him is a picture ‡." Let us now proceed to versification, on which subject, our superiority over our predecessors is, perhaps, too implicitly insisted on, and too generally allowed. He who is not biassed by the cant of what is generally called authority, nor shackled in the trammels of bigotry and system, will often take occasion to observe, that many are the instances where Art is rather a troublesome innovator, than a real benefactor, and that, as she introduces improvement, it is not unfrequently attended with frivolity and impertinence. The prevailing opinion of the age is seldom a stand-

* Page 15.

† See Third, Fourth, and Fifth Letters, vol. III. Mason's Gray.

‡ Mr. Hume seems to have exposed his want of Taste in the following opinion relative to Shakspeare. "Nervous and picturesque expressions, as well as descriptions, abound in him; but it is in vain we look either for purity or simplicity of diction." Vol. VI. p. 162. Hist. of England.

ard of Taste safe enough to be trusted. The dominion over poetical numbers which Pope possessed, was most astonishing and unexampled, to any one who has cast an attentive eye on the state in which he found them; under his hand, they appear to have attained a degree of polish far beyond what they might have been supposed to have been capable of, and indeed beyond every thing that could have been expected or foreseen. Yet did he not stretch his prerogative too far, by reducing them to perfect mechanism? of rhyme has he not made a rattle, and of verse a play-thing? Amid such attention to sound, must not sense have been a loser somewhere or other? "*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*" The substance itself is lost in the profusion of appendages. An old Satyrist has well expressed himself on this head:

"——— Alas, poor idle sound:

" Since I first Phœbus knew, I never found

" Thy interest in sacred poësie.

" Thou to Invention add'st but surquedry,

" A gaudy ornature: but hast no part,

" In that soule-pleasing high infused art."

Marston. Scourg. Vill.

2 B. 1599 Edit.

His translation of Homer, timed as it was, operated like an inundation in the English Republic of Letters, and has left to this day indelible marks on more than the surface of our poetry. Co-operating with the popular stream of his other works, it has formed a sort of modern Helicon, on whose banks infant Poets are allured to wander and to dream; from whose streams they are content to drink inspiration, without searching for remoter sources. Whether its waters are equally pure, salutary, and deep, with the more ancient wells of *English undeified*, admits of a doubt: so forcibly affected by them, how-

ever, have been the minds of the Public since his day, and so strangely enchanted with the studied and uniform flow of his harmony, that they have not only grown indifferent, but in a great measure insensible to, the mellifluous yet artless numbers of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Fletcher, where the pauses are not from their clockwork construction anticipated by the ear, where there is a union of ease and energy, of dignity and of grace; and, to use the words of Dryden *, “the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune, which is natural and “pleasing, though not perfect.” But the consequences that have ensued to the cause of Poetry from the sway of Pope are not the happiest: in proportion as his works were read, and the dazzle of his diction admired, proselytes, who would not originally have been scribblers of verse, were gained, and the art of tagging smooth couplets, without any reference to the character of a poet, is become an almost indispensable requisite in a fashionable education. Founded upon this prevailing habit, hence has arisen, and been gradually making its way, a spurious taste, which, as it reprobates and sets at defiance our older masters, bears no real relation to the Maker or Inventor. Here, perhaps, it may not be amiss to remark, how soon Poesy began to mimick the movements of a Sister Art †, by accommodating sound to sense, and (if I may be allowed the terms)

“To dress and trouble the tongue, and roll the eye,”

to assume affected abruptness of transition, and rapidity of apostrophe. In the neglected, yet highly finished translation of Tasso by Fairfax, some of the tricks of versification,

* Preface to his Fables.

† Music.

that have been since cultivated to so faulty, an excess, began first to appear, as the position in the following cursory instances seems to indicate.

Pope has a most complete piece of mimicry of this sort.

" ——— the string let fly

" Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry."

Odyss. xxi. 449.

" *Twanged the string*, out flew the quarrel long,

" And through the subtle aire did finging passe."

7. B. 103. St.

" *Vanisht her garments rich*, and vestures strange."

18. B. 35. St.

" *Lightned the heav'n above*, the earth below

" Roared aloud."

18. B. 37. St.

" On his right hand at last laid on the ground,

" He lean'd his *hand weak* like a shaking reed,

" *Dazled his eyes*, the world on wheelcs ran round."

19. B. 28. St.

" *Vanisht the shade*, the sun appear'd in fight."

16. B. 68. St.

These are the dawnings of those mechanical beauties, which refinement introduces as auxiliaries, and frequently retains in her service to the neglect of higher excellencies; in the in-

fancy of an Art they seldom appear : the older Poets disdained stooping to the character of Syllable-mongers ; as their conceptions were vigorous, they trusted to the simple provision of Nature for their equipment ; and though often introduced into the world ragged, they were always healthy. To cull words, vary pauses, adjust accents, diversify cadence, and by, as it were, balancing the line, make the first part of it betray the second ; was an employment reserved for the leisure and coolness of after-times, whose poetical establishment was about to consist of a suite of traditional imagery, hereditary similes, readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables. — We are now come to Style, Sentiment, and Imagery, including the very soul of composition. From the paucity of models in the beginning of the Art, every writer, as he was unable to indulge his idleness by paraphrasing, and replenish his stores at the expence of another, became compelled to think immediately for himself : to the august therefore and endless volume of Nature he turned his eye, and transcribed more or less, according to his necessities, from her eventful and important page : his descriptions, of course, were the reflected images of what he was a witness to ; when the passions were to be exhibited, as they had not yet appeared either sophistically tricked out, or truly delineated through the medium of books, to his own heart only or actual observation he had recourse for intelligence. This produced abstracted instead of general terms, and in short, energy, character, and truth ; and gave the contents of his pages an air of a proof-impression. Succeeding artists, happy to find their labour facilitated, and a mass of materials ready formed to their hands, thought it convenient to adopt much, and add a little ; and, as Literature always grows confident like other things, in proportion to its age and advances, their posterity ran still greater hazards in acquiescing with, and taking upon trust, what

what they found thus regularly handed down to them. Ideas thus circulated must lose much of their primary complexion, as the distance from their original source is more or less; some must be distorted, others frittered away, and many totally new-vampt, in opposition to their former signification; as the volatile spirit of an exquisite essence insensibly evaporates in the course of being transferred from one phial to another. To a process not very dissimilar to this, I am inclined to attribute the frequent lifelessness of modern poetry, which too often resembles an artificial nosegay, the colours of which, though splendid, are yet tawdry, and heightened far beyond the modesty of nature, without any pretensions to fragrance; while that of a century and an half back, appears as a garland fresh from the gardens of nature, and still moist and glittering with the dews of the morning. We have few better opportunities of forming a comparative estimate of ancient and modern Poetry, than by recurring to those subjects which later writers have undertaken to modernize, as in the Fables of Dryden, and the Nut-brown Maid of Prior; the original of which latter performance I cannot help preferring to Matt's elegant versification-piece, in which decision I cannot think myself misled by a blind predilection for antiquity. It should be remembered, that Simplicity, though frequently naked, is not consequently poor, her nakedness may be that of a Muse, and not of a beggar. Numerous are the instances which must occur on an attentive perusal of both the Poems, where the effect of minute beauties in the original is lost from expansion in the paraphrase. Prior has filled up the outline too implicitly; he has left the mind of itself, under every change of emotion, nothing to conceive or to supply, every thing is ready expressed and done for the reader, and we may justly alledge, in the language of Cicero, "*Ea sunt omnia non a natura sed a Magistro.*"

Magistro *." As an instance in point, the following stanza includes the finest circumstance in the whole, which is imagined with surprising delicacy. The hand of Shakspeare could not possibly have gone higher, or have touched a situation with greater nicety. The Nut-Brown Maid, on resolving to accompany her banished Lover, adheres to her determination with unalterable firmness; in the course of the whole dialogue, no dastardly symptom of irresolution escapes her, no selfish fear of the impending dangers she was to encounter, and no regret at the comforts she had renounced. After acknowledging her intention, she says,

" I shall as nowe do more for you
 " Than longeth to Womanhede;
 " To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
 " To shote in tyme of nede."

But on a sudden the consequences that might ensue to probably an aged and affectionate mother, who must deeply feel her absence, and the rashness of her conduct, come across her; it is the exquisite pang of a moment, and will not bear dwelling upon. Hear her exclamation, which is continued from the above quoted lines:

" O my swete Mother, before all other,
 " For you I have most dreads:"

Her courage and resolution return. She goes on;

" But nowe adue! I must ensue,
 " Where fortune doth me lede."

* Oratio pro Murgina

INTRODUCTION.

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This is that ardent and artless language of Nature that baffles simulation, and fixes an indelible impression on the heart, and on the memory. Prior has passed over all this in silence.

I will indulge myself still farther in quoting an incident from another Ballad, of certainly not inferior merit to the last. A Mother, who is forsaken by the object of her affections, pondering the infelicity of her lot, thus exclaims over her sleeping infant :

“ — — — — —

“ — — — — —

“ Lye still, my darling, sleep a while,

“ And whan thou wakest sweetly smile ;

“ *But smile not as thy father did*

“ *To cosen maids, nay God forbid !*”

Lady Bothwell's Lament.

Vol. I. Sel. Scot. Ball.

He who has a single nook in his heart for sensibility must prefer such passages as this to pages of declamatory sorrow, tricked out in all her most studied formalities : how would these lines bear translating into what is called elegant modern versification ; stuffed out with general epithets, and distorted with tragic apostrophe ? In the Theatric department, if we turn our attention to the list of performances that for the last year only have been exhibited at the Theatres of our Capital, and compare the later pieces in that list, with the very few ancient plays that still, to the credit of our fastidious taste, keep their ground amongst them, we shall clearly see to what little effect, Criticism, with her regular code of laws, has operated ; in spite of the edicts of Aristotle, the boasted improvements of style and of language,

guage, and the strictest adherence to the Unities, the tears that fall at modern stories are easily numbered, and scarce to be traced to the heart; that Key, which is most beautifully feigned by the Poet * to have been given by Nature to Shakespeare, and which was likewise in the hands of some few of his contemporaries, "*that oped the sacred source of sympathetic tears,*" seems now, and has done for a century past irrecoverably lost.

One of the most material requisites in our older poets is æconomy, which is to composition, precisely what conduct is to life; we are frequently palled by an opulence of description, an exuberance of imagery, and a maze of allegory, without any relief whatever, unless by imbecillities prolix, uninteresting, and vulgar in the extreme. This inequality of parts pervades antiquity, a judicious regard to the distribution of ornament, the art of blending the brilliant with the chaste, of softening strength of colours with mild and corrective shades, together with the niceties of method, connection, and arrangement, are the tardy and perhaps most valuable

X produce of later times.—Though the poetry of Addison assumed little or no tincture from his taste for our obscurer writers (for a taste on this head he undoubtedly possessed, much superior to any of his contemporaries), he still merits the thanks of every poetical reader, for his elegant efforts to revive the beauties of the "*Paradise Lost,*" his critique on "*Chevy Chase,*" and various scattered notices of a congenial nature in his periodical papers. A. Johnston, who republished the Earl of Sterling's works in 1720, has a passage in his preface much in point: he there says, "That he had the honour of transmitting the Author's works to the great Mr. Addison for the perusal of them, and he was pleased to signify his ap-

* Gray's Progress of Poetry.

probation

probation in these candid terms: That he had read them with the greatest satisfaction; and was pleased to give it as his judgement, *that the Beauties of our ancient English Poets are too slightly passed over by the modern writers, who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault than endeavour to excel.*" Of Tickell, the friend and the Editor of Mr. Addison (and who as such may with propriety be mentioned after him), it has been said by Goldsmith, that through all his works there is a strain of *Ballad-thinking* to be found: the remark is just, and to that strain he is indebted for the reception he has met with. Whether he had it from reading or from Nature we have still to learn, as no memoirs of his life, hitherto published, are satisfactory enough to inform us of his particular studies. The well-known lines which Dr. Percy has taken for a motto to his *Reliques*, speak the opinion of Rowe on such subjects clearly; the intention likewise which he is known to have had of publishing the Plays of Massinger, to whom he owes many obligations, and from whom, indeed, he borrowed the plan of his "*Fair Penitent* *," proves his relish for old Literature. Not to mention his Edition of Shakespeare. From these sources he gathered a style of dialogue which has been much approved, a style, which, though not so pure as the models that suggested it, yet soft, easy, and captivating, is greatly preferable to, and of a very different texture from the inflated and declamatory vein, which for some time past has taken entire possession of our stage. It has been often alledged against Pope, that he was not averse to pilfering, snug from obscure poetry, an attentive perusal of his works soon confirms the justice of the charge; yet he appears rather to have satisfied himself with what accident threw in his way, than to have deviated into a systematic or serious exami-

* See *Fatal Dowry*. M. Mason's Edit.

nation of such sort of reading. The sketch * he has left for "A discourse on the rise and progress of English Poetry," imperfect as it is, may fairly be supposed to contain names of more authors that he had heard of than he had read. Young, a Poet of infinite originality both as to style and matter, has no marks of obscure reading whatever; the fertility of his own resources was more than equal to his wants; this might preclude him from all recourse to such assistance. If we may judge of his poetry by internal evidence, he should seem to have composed with great rapidity, and little after-correction. The prose of Young has more imagery than the poetry of Pope. Had Akenfidé been a worse Scholar, he had been a better poet; to an imagination like his, that understood selection, the Gothic system would have been far more productive than the Heathen Mythology. In Thomson, it is difficult to discover any material traces of imitation, or even to conjecture who were his favourites among the poets of his country. His Seasons differ as widely in their style, which has in it a peculiar swell, as in their contents, from every other Poet. When such inconsiderable advances towards rescuing from oblivion; the several writers, from whom the contents of these volumes are drawn, were made by those, who from their situation and abilities were best suited to the task: when brother bards were not only remiss in restoring them to popularity, but by their neglect and silence seemed to insinuate they were undeserving of it; we must not be surprized that their merits remained so long unobserved, and that little solicitude was expressed at their fate by the body of the people. I cannot conclude without noticing the late very incomplete and careless edition of the English Poets, commonly called Johnson's Edition, in which so few of our older classics appear. It is well known,

* See Ruffhead.

that the Doctor was ever glad to escape the censure which the work had fallen under, by alledging that he had nothing to do with the selection, he had engaged himself only to furnish a set of Lives to such a list, as the Booksellers, who were the responsible publishers of the work, should think proper. The excuse is probably true, but surely most unsatisfactory. Johnson was at the time no hungry hireling of a Bookseller's; he most deservedly revelled in the praise of the public, and a competency was secured to him for life by a pension. Was it not therefore incumbent on him, in a work which bore so close a relation to the honour of his country, which, from its elegance and magnitude, afforded the happiest opportunity of uniting our poets, both Ancient and Modern, in one comprehensive view, and of combining their respective excellencies in one common interest? Ancient Poetry, in thus being exhibited to the public eye, would soon have made good her claims to notice, and of herself recovered the long-lost verdure of her bays; whilst the justice of that latitude which is commonly assigned to later improvements, from a fair opportunity of a comparative examination, might have been more strictly ascertained. Dr. Johnson gave up his Life to the Literature of his country; a portion of it would not have been thrown away, had it been dedicated to the completion of such an undertaking. Not that I consider the turn of his mind as peculiarly qualifying him for a critic of such subjects*, which require more imagination than judgement (by no means the Doctor's case); but that what he had to say even on things which he did not properly understand, is always worth hearing, and that the lustre of his great mind sel-

* The acrimony of Dr. Johnson's poetical censures has been universally reprobated, but the unaccountable infelicity with which he has dealt out his costly praise to particular quotations in the course of his Lives is still more extraordinary.

dom beamed on any thing without lighting us to some new truth, latent trait of character, or peculiarity hitherto unobserved; and let his strictures have been ever so injurious, an elegant edition of the text was at all events secured. In the esteem of the Booksellers he stood very high, perhaps higher than any man of his age; and there cannot be a doubt, but that the management of the work, on the least desire intimated by him, would have been vested in his hands with the utmost gratitude and confidence. The imperfections of the work are still farther to be regretted, when we recollect, that such works are seldom hazarded above once in fifty years, the public cannot digest a repetition of them. As the matter stands, however, a most unworthy rabble have gained a passport to the Temple of Fame, much after the following ridiculous predicament so well described on a very different occasion by Mr. Burke, whose words we may literally apply. *"He put together a piece of joinery so closely indented, and whimsically dove-tailed, a cabinet so variously inlaid: Such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement, without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white, * * * * that it was indeed a very curious shew, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on; the colleagues whom he had assorted at the same board, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, Sir, your name!"* &c. To have shed their twinkling radiance, the miscellanies o'er, was the highest honour many of those, who are here adopted as legitimate and established Poets, could affect; to a more conspicuous and dignified hemisphere they had not the slightest pretensions. The many dogmatical and injurious censures contained in the *Lives* themselves, for which we have scarce the shadow of a reason assigned, but are generally silenced with the old apophthegm of Homer, *Διόδ' ἰσχυρὸν βέλος*, have additionally contributed to the unpopularity of the work;

work ; though, as fine pieces of nervous writing, pregnant with valuable detached opinions, happy illustrations, nice discussions, and a variety of curious incidental information, they will ever attract notice : but as judicious and impartial critiques on the merits of the respective writers, as just and discriminative representations of the subjects in question, they will never be considered by the generality of readers. Such, however, is the fate of the work, that we seldom see it entire, but meet with its contents wandering separately and disjointed in every catalogue. Like discordant atoms, which, when driven together by a superior force, meet but for a moment to shew their dissimilarity, and, from a natural opposition, refuse to coalesce, but on the cessation of the cause which brought them originally together, hastily fly back again to their pristine conditions.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

The abstract accounts here given, from the narrow limits of my plan, must be superficial, and calculated rather to excite curiosity than to gratify it; they do not affect to convey any fresh information, or to abound in anecdotes hitherto unnoticed: it is hoped, however, that they will be deemed necessary by common readers, and no unacceptable relative appendage to the several extracts.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,

THE best of whose works is his Bosworth Field, which merits re-publication for the easy flow of its numbers, and the spirit with which it is written. In the early part of his life he dedicated many of his hours to various translations, which, together with other pieces, were all collected and published after his death by his son. He was descended from an ancient family at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, and was admitted, at fourteen years of age, a gentleman commoner of Broadgate Hall, Oxon. In 1596 he removed from hence to one of the inns of court, but soon quitted the study of the law, and, retiring to his native place, married one of the Fortescue family. He was knighted in 1626 by King Charles, and died in 1628. His poems were ushered into the world by complimentary verses from Tho. Nevill, Th. Hawkins, Ben. Jonson, M. Drayton, and Ph. King.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE basest metals are frequently, in the ore, the most beautiful, and catch the eye the soonest. The Italian writers were his models; and he was either too young or too injudicious to resist the contagion of forced allusions and conceits, and the rest of that trash

which an incorrect age not only endured but practised and approved. His descriptions are sometimes puerile, and at other times over-wrought; one while lost in a profusion of colours, and at another bald and spiritless: yet he seems to have been a great admirer, and no inattentive observer, of the charms of Nature, as his works abound in minute rural imagery, though indiscriminately selected. From the verses prefixed to his book he should seem to have written very early in life. Had it been otherwise, and chaste and wholesome models been thrown in his way, much might have been expected from his natural powers. The praise he has received from Selden, Davies, Jonson, and Drayton, and the notice he obtained from Milton, are real honours that almost counterbalance oblivion; at least, they prove that he did not deserve it. The memoirs of his life are imperfect; he appears to have been born at Taystock, in Devonshire; to have spent some Time both at Exeter College, Oxon, and the Middle Temple; he afterwards became a retainer to the house of Pembroke. The passage that Winstanley quotes as a specimen of his manner is injurious to his merits, and by no means characteristic of Browne; it even blemishes the unsatisfactory narratives of that miserable biographer. The following testimony Drayton has left of him:

Then the two Beaumonts and my *Browne* arose,
My dear companions, whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and, in their several ways,
Rightly born poets—*Of Poets and Poessy.*

The verses prefixed to Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, signed W. B. I cannot agree with Mr. Reed in supposing to mean William Browne. I will conclude this article with a poetical picture which Browne has left us of himself: it is in his usual fantastic manner:

Among the rest, a shepherd (though but young,
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
His few years could, began to fit his quill.
By Tavis's speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sat to sporte him on a rocke,
The water-nymphs would often come unto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him,
Now posies of this flowre, and then of that,
Now with fine shels, then with a rusby hat,
With corall or red stones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets or to marke his sheepe.
Willie he hight, who by the ocean's queene
More cheer'd to sing then such young lads had beene,
Tooke his best-framed pipe and thus gan move
His voyce of Walla Tavy's fairest love. *Song 3, Book 2.*

WILLIAM

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

A poet worthy of notice, though unequal to that profusion of praise with which his contemporaries have loaded him. The wits of his day seem to have vied with each other in saying fine things of him, as may be seen from the prefatory verses to his works in 1651. But, setting aside panegyric, his proficiency in polite letters deservedly places him in the first rank among the wits of his age; and, from what we may now judge from what he has left, we may trust the testimonies of his biographers as to his being both an orator and a philosopher. Good-sense and solidity are the most prominent features of his poetry; in elegance, or even neatness of style, he is deficient. The place of his birth is uncertain. Lloyd, in his Memoirs, attributes it to Burford in Oxfordshire; Wood, to Northway in Gloucestershire: the former places his birth in 1615, and the latter in 1611. He was, however, elected from Westminster a student of Christ-church, Oxford, in 1628; and, dying during his proctorship, Nov. 29, 1643, was buried, according to Wood, "towards the upper end of the south aisle joyning to the choir of the cathedral of Christ-church." Towards Government he appears to have been particularly well-affected, and to have suffered but few public occasions to pass without exhibiting a specimen of his loyalty. Whether his Latin compositions have ever been collected, I know not; the following pieces are all that I am able to point out; the list, I have no doubt, might be considerably enlarged. In the "*Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria*," &c. 1638, he has a copy of long and short verses. In the "*Britanniae Natalis*," Oxon. 1630, a copy of Iambics. In the "*Britannici Perigæum*," Oxon. 1638, another copy of Iambics. In the "*Protelia Anglo-Batava*," Oxon. 1641, a copy of Alcaics; in the "*Mus. Oxoniensium Epi^{cal}yp^{ta}*," &c. 1643, another copy of Alcaics; these were written during his proctorship. In the same collection are a copy of long and short verses, signed *Tbo. Cartwright, ex æde Ch.* perhaps a relation of our author's. In "*Death Repeal'd*, by a thankfull Memoriall sent from Christ-church in Oxford, celebrating the noble Deserts of the Right Hon. Paule late Lord Viscount Bayning," a copy of long verses and Iambics. In the "*Mus. Oxon. pro Rege suo Soteria*," 1633 a copy of Iambics. In the "*Vitis Carolinæ Gemma altera*," &c. 1633, a short copy of Alcaics. In the edition, 1651, of Cartwright's Poems and Plays, there are some verses wanting in the copy on the death of Sir B. Grevill, p. 303; the deficiency may be supplied from a copy, published with many others on the same occasion at Oxford, printed in 1644; they are there signed W. C. the initials of Cartwright's name. There is likewise, in the same pamphlet, another copy with the same signature, but whether by him or no is uncertain.

RICHARD CORBET.

GENEROUS, witty, and eloquent. James the First, who was struck with him, made him Dean of Christ-church; he was afterwards successively Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. He appears, from Wood, to have been of that poetical party who, by inviting B. Jonson to come to Oxford, rescued him from the arms of a sister university, who has long treated the Muses with indignity, and turned a hostile and disheartening eye on those who have added most celebrity to her name*. We do not find that Ben expressed any regret at the change of his situation: companions, whose minds and pursuits were similar to his own, are not always to be found in the gross atmosphere of the muddy Cam, though easily met with on the more genial banks of the Isis,

Largior hic campos æther—

VIRG.

Corbet's verses have considerable humour, feeling, and neatness. His *Poetica Stromata*, 1647, 8, were written when very young, and not designed for publication. His *Iter Boreale* seems a sort of imitation of Horace's *Brandusian Journey*. Davenant has "A Journey into Worcester-shire," p. 215, fol. edit. in a similar vein. Corbet's name appears amongst the list of wags who prefixed mock commendatory verses to Coryate's *Crudities*. He was, in 1582, born at Ewel in Surrey, educated at Westminster, and thence elected a student of Christ-church, Oxford, and died in 1635. The following anecdotes are extracted from Aubrey's MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, *verbatim*. They form a clue to Corbet's character, and as such deserve preservation. "After he was D. of Divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon; on a market-day he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the Crosse (which, by the way, was then the finest of England, I remember it when I was a freshman, it was admirable curious Gothicque architecture, and fine figures in the nitches, 'twas one of

* Spenser, whose college disappointments forced him from the university. Milton is reported to have even received corporal punishment there, Dryden has left a testimony, in a prologue spoken at Oxford, much against his own university. The incivility, not to give it a harsher appellation, which Mr. Gray met with, is well known. That Alma Mater has not remitted her wonted illiberality is to be fairly presumed from a passage in her present most poetic son, Mr. Maſon:

— Science there
Sat musing; and to those that lov'd the lore
Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
In geometric symbols, scorning those
Perchance too much who woo'd the thriftless Muse.

English Garden.

those

those built by King —— † for his queen). The ballad-singer complained he had no custome, he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Dr. puts off his gowne, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.—After the death of Dr. Goodwin, he was made Deane of Christ-church. He had a good interest with great men, as you may finde in his poems; and that with the then great favourite the Duke of Bucks, his excellent wit ever 'twas of recommendation to him. I have forgot the story, but at the same time Dr. Fell thought to have carried it, Dr. Corbet put a pretty trick on him to let him take a journey to London for it, when he had already the graunt of it.—His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly, fat Doctor, and a very good house-keeper: as Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane in wet weather ('tis an extraordinarie deepe dirty-lane) the coach fell, and Dr. Corbett said, that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.—A. D. 1628, he was made Bishop of Oxford, and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect. One time as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, said he, 'Beare off there, or ile confirm ye with my staffe.'—Ahoother time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' to keepe his hand from slipping. There was a man with a great venerable beard; said the Bishop, 'You behind the beard.' His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenioſe man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplaine would go and lock themselves in and be merry; then first he layes down his episcopal hood, 'There layes the Doctor;' then he putts off his gowne, 'There layes the Bishop;' then 'twas, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington.'

THOMAS CAREW.

THE consummate elegance of this gentleman entitles him to very considerable attention. Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expression much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and, on similar subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. Carew has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He re-

† Camden says it was erected (as was reported) in the reign of Hen. VI. by the fraternity of St. Crois, which he instituted. See Camden, by Gibson, p. 138.

minds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttelton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first man who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit are seldom sufficiently either considered or allowed. Though Love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious, and romantic cast; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting; in every thing but sincerity of intention it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous, was rated by those to whom addressed, on the principle of Reubens's taste for beauty, by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour rather than reproof, was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices; and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects. In them, Gallantry, for the first time, was accompanied by the Graces, the fulsomefness of Panegyric forgot in its gentility, and the edge of Satire rendered keener in proportion to its smoothness. Suckling says of our author, in his Sessions of the Poets, that

————— the issue of his brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

In Lloyd's Worthies*, Carew is likewise called "*elaborate and accurate.*" However the fact might be, the internal evidence of his Poems says no such thing. Hume has properly remarked, that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, still less to the pathetic." Carew, in his beautiful *Matque*, has given instances of the former; and, in his *Építaph* on Lady Mary Villiers, eminently of the latter. It appears, that in the former part of his life he had been intimate with the Earl of Clarendon, as his character is drawn in his *Life and Continuation*†. The most material circumstances are the following: "He was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons of the Court, and well looked upon by the King himself; some years before he could obtain to be *Sewer* to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman." Clarendon adds, what it would be injuring the cause of *Virtue* to conceal, "But his glory was, that, after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire." This proves, likewise, that he did not die young, as has been commonly represented. Phillips says of

* P. 159, fol. edit.

† Vol. I. p. 36. Sir W. Davenant has a copy of verses to Carew, p. 252, fol. edit.

Carew, that "he was reckoned among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy; by the strength of which his extant poems still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age." *Theat. Poet.* p. 174, edit. 1660.—*The Biographia Britannica* and Dr. Percy place his death in 1639. *The Biographia* adds, that he was a member of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, though he took no degree.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

A POET who deserves preservation for better reasons than his having accidentally attracted the notice of Pope. He has originality in many parts, and as a translator is entitled to the highest applause. Of this Milton was sensible, as every reader of his "*Sospito d' Herode*" will instantly perceive. With a peculiar devotional cast, he possessed one of those ineffable minds which border on enthusiasm, and, when fortunately directed, occasionally produce great things*. But he had too much religion to devote his whole strength to poetry; he trifled for amusement, and never wrote for fame. To his attainments, which were numerous and elegant, all his biographers have borne witness. He was educated at the Charter House, after previously sharing the beneficence of Sir H. Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crew†, and afterwards became scholar of Pembroke, and from thence fellow of Peter House, Cambridge. For reasons best known to himself, which it would at all times have been impertinent, and is now fruitless to enquire after, he renounced the religion of the Church of England, and died, in the year 1650, canon of Loretto, to use the words of Cowley, both a "poet and a saint‡."

SIR JOHN DAVIES.]

A MAN of low extraction, who, by dint of natural abilities, made his way to great worldly, as well as literary, eminence. The extent of his honours was, to be appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, but he died suddenly before he was sworn in.—Wood says, "He was held in great esteem by the noted scholars of his time: among whom were, William Camden, Sir Jo. Harrington, the poet, Ben Jonson, Jo. Selden, Facete Hoskyns, R. Corbet of Christ Church, and others, who esteemed him to be a person of a bold spirit, of a sharp and ready wit, and completely

* Henry More, the Platonic philosopher, one of the first men of this or any other country, is an instance in point. His poetry is very moderate; but his prose works highly deserve republication for their acuteness, imagination, and style.

† Lloyd's *Memoirs*, p. 618.

‡ See his *Verses on the Death of Crashaw*.

learned, but in truth more a scholar than a lawyer." He has preserved a list of his publications, which, exclusive of his poetry, are very numerous. His "Nosce Teipsum" is the earliest philosophical poem this country has produced; the language is pure, demonstrative, and neat to a degree. The authoress of the *Muses' Library* has well remarked, "There is a peculiar happiness in his similes, being introduced to illustrate more than adorn, which renders them as useful as entertaining, and distinguishes his from those of every other author*." The following instance, which is most happy, will sufficiently prove the truth of Mrs. Cowper's remark:

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did shew the footing ground for all the flood;
So when good souls departed through Death's door
Come not again, it shews their dwelling's good.

This poem was republished in 1714, by Tate, and addressed to the Earl of Dorset, who was very fond of Davies. There was another edition in 1773.—He was born at Chisgrove, in Wiltshire, 1570; was a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford. He studied the law at the Middle Temple, and died in 1626.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE dialogue between Ulysses and the Syren, from one of this gentleman's plays, which Dr. Percy has given us, will give the reader no very exalted opinion of the author's abilities; the same specimen is quoted in the *Muses' Library*, though not singly: it is neat and unaffected. But Daniel has a right to the merit of still higher excellence. Though very rarely sublime, he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit. We find, both in his poetry and prose, such a legitimate and rational flow of language as approaches nearer the style of the 18th than the 16th century, and of which we may safely assert, that it will never become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It seems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Constantly contented with the sedate propriety of good sense, which he no sooner attains than he seems to rest satisfied, though his resources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much farther. In thus escaping censure, he is not always entitled to praise. From not endeavouring to be great, he sometimes misses of being respectable. The constitution of his mind seems often to have failed him in the sultry and exhausting regions of the *Muses*; for, though generally neat, easy, and perspicuous, he too frequently grows slack, languid, and enervated. In perusing his long historical poem we grow sleepy at the dead ebb of

* This remark is taken by Cibber, in the *Lives of the Poets*, without any acknowledgment.

his narrative, notwithstanding being occasionally relieved with some touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his subject, he seems fearful of supplying its defects by digressional embellishment; instead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful cast, which the natural coolness of his judgement would necessarily have corrected, he has cooped himself up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; instead of casting his eye on the general history of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeasurable fields, he has confined himself to an abstract diary of Fortune; instead of presenting us with pictures of Truth from the effects of the Passions, he has verified the truth of action only; he has sufficiently, therefore, shewn the historian, but by no means the poet. For, to use a sentiment of Sir Wm. Davenant's, "Truth narrative and past is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing), and truth operative, and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason*." Daniel has often the softness of Rowe without his effeminacy. In his Complaint of Cleopatra he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, as he has no obscurities either of style or language, neither pedantry nor affectation, all of which have concurred in banishing from use the works of his contemporaries. The oblivion he has met with is peculiarly undeserved; he has shared their fate, though innocent of their faults. Daniel enjoyed the friendship and the praises of the most eminent men of his age. Drayton thus speaks of him:

Amongst these, Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise-men him rehearse,
To be too much historian in verse.
His rhimes were smooth, his meeters well did close
But yet his manner better fitted prose. *Of Poets and Poetry.*

Edmund Bolton and Gabriel Harvey, the former a professed critic, and the latter the friend of Spenser, and a promoter of the literature of his country, both mention Daniel with respect, as a polisher and purifier of the English language. W. Browne calls him "well-languag'd Daniel." B. II. Song 2.—Spenser has left Daniel's character. See Colin Clout's come Home again, Vol. IV. p. 276, Hugh. edit.—Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Drummond, has observed, that through the Civil Warrs there is not a single battle. The remark is shrewd, but not true. He likewise adds, which is still more exceptionable, that Daniel is no poet. There seems some envy in this. Daniel has himself hinted, that he outlived his reputation:

————— but years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
Dedicat. of Philotas.

* Preface to Gondibert, p. 5, fol. edit.

He

He was born at Taunton in Somersetshire, was a commener of Magdalen-hall, Oxon; became gentleman extraordinary; and afterwards groom of the privy-chamber to the Queen Anne, James the First's consort. He succeeded Spenser (who died about 1598) as Poet Laureat. He died at Beckington in Somersetshire in 1619, and was honoured with a monument in that church at the sole expence of the justly celebrated Anne Countess of Pembroke, to whom he had been tutor, and to whose poetry and patronage he pays many flattering and grateful compliments in the dedication to the tragedy of Cleopatra. We are told by Dr. Percy, that the same lady, in a full length of herself at Appleby Castle in Cumberland, had a small portrait of Daniel inserted. I cannot conclude this sketch without submitting to my reader the following lines from his dedication to the tragedy of Philotas, as they seem to contain no inconsiderable portion of prophetic truth:

And know, sweet Prince, when you shall come to know,
That 'tis not in the power of kings to raise
A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,
Nor are they born in every prince's days:
*For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
Than all the kings of England did before.
And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd;*
For since that time, our songs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn; though in the prime
Of this new raising season, we did strive
To bring the best we could unto the time.

To the Prince;

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

THE son of Sir John Drummond, of Hawthornden, Gentleman-usher to James VI. I should think myself highly unpardonable were I to suffer any of those illiberal and envious prejudices that canker many minds, and are too often indulged against a great sister kingdom, to prevent me from enriching my collection with some flowers from the other side the Tweed. This gentleman, as a Scotchman, may not perhaps, strictly speaking, belong to my plan. To the scholar and the wit he added every elegant attainment; after forming his taste at the university of Edinburgh, he enlarged his views by travelling, and a cultivation of the modern languages. At first he appears to have studied the law, but soon relinquished it for more congenial pursuits. To a heart thus eminently the seat of the Graces, Love soon found its way; we find him accordingly smitten with a lady named Cunningham, of an old and honourable family: but death put a stop to his happiness; he was hastily snatched from him immediately after consenting to

give

give him her hand. This circumstance, to a mind like his, previously exposed by nature to the anguish of the finer feelings, and by a habit of retirement to reflections of a serious and abstracted cast, must have had no small share in tincturing his compositions with that interesting and tender melancholy that takes every feeling reader with an irresistible charm. From the particular commendation Phillips has noticed him with, it is not improbable that he retailed the opinions of his uncle Milton, as many of Drummond's combinations, and some of his phraseology is to be traced in Milton. Phillips adds, that he was "utterly disregarded and laid aside in his time*." Ben Jonson so much admired him, that he undertook a journey from London on foot into Scotland, and spent some time with him. Some of their conversation is preserved. Drayton thus mentions him:

And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know,
His poetry, for which two worthy men,
I Mentry† still shall love, and Hawthornden. *Of Poets and Poetry.*

Without ostentatious praise (which is always to be suspected), it is but truth to observe, that many of his sonnets, those more especially which are divested of Italian conceits, resemble the best Greek epigrams in their best taste, in that exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and simplicity of expression, for which our language has no single term, but which is known to all classical readers by the word *αφαισία*. It is in vain we lament the fate of many of our poets, who have undeservedly fallen victims to a premature oblivion, when the finished productions of this man are little known, and still less read. May we not exclaim, in the words of Antipater,

"Ὀλίο γάρ σι δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύρατο θύγατρες
Μισμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.
Τί φθιμένοις τοιάχιν μιν ἰφ' ὑπᾶσιν, ἀνικ' ἀλαλήϊ
Τῶν παιδῶν αἰδῶν ἐδὲ θιοῖς δύναμις † ;

Antboloz.

According to the ingenious and able Mr. Pinkerton, he was born in 1585, and died, aged 64, in 1649. *Anc. Scot. Poems, vol. I. p. 123.*

* *Theat. Poet. p. 195.*

† The residence of Sir W. Alexander, a poet whom he had just mentioned, who was afterwards Earl of Stirling.

‡ *Periisti enim: te autem multum desieverunt filie*

Mnemosynes, mater vero præ aliis Calliope.

Quid defunctis ingemimus natis, cum defendere

Liberis Orcum ne Diis quidem potestas?

SIR W. DAVENANT.

THE son of an Oxford vintner, who lived at the Crown Inn, a house which the immortal Shakespeare frequented in his journeys from London to Warwickshire. His mother, according to the MSS. of Aubrey, was exceedingly beautiful, and very elegant, both in her conversation and address. Davenant, in his social moments, would often insinuate that Shakespeare might have had his reasons for his visits there. This idea, which was hazarded over a bottle, (probably without the least reference to his real sentiments,) has been since circulated as not destitute of foundation. At first setting out in life he became a page to Sir F. Greville Lord Brooke, a writer himself, and a friend to the Muses*. He first recommended himself, by his writings, to Mr. Endymion Porter, and Mr. Henry Jermy, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, to whom he dedicated his *Madagascar*. Amidst the various avocations that a life of incident subjected him to, his mind must have been singularly fertile, and his wit peculiarly ready, or we should not have had so bulky a collection as his works afford us. He appears to have been engaged in a variety of contradictory characters. He was by turns a soldier, a projector, a manager, an envoy†, and a wit. On the decline of the Royalists, whose cause he had espoused, he sought refuge in France, where he wrote part of his *Gondibert* at Paris; and, after finishing little more than the first book, printed it with his Epistle to Mr. Hobbes, together with the answer. It was attacked in a satirical pamphlet by Sir J. Denham, J. Donne, Sir Allen Brodrick, and others, under the following title: "Certain Verses, written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second Edition of *Gondibert*." London, 1653. An answer was returned by Davenant, with some temper, in a similar vein, intituled, "The incomparable Poem of *Gondibert* vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding." London, 1655‡. During his residence abroad, at the instigation of the Queen, he collected a body of unemployed artificers, by permission of the French King, and set sail for the new colony in Vir-

* Davenant said of him, he "was a good wit, and had been a good poet in his youth. He wrote a poem in folio, which he printed not till he was old, and then with too much judgement and refining spoiled it, which was at first a delicate thing." Aubrey's MSS.

† He was sent, by advice from the Queen, to persuade Charles to give up the Church. Davenant was impertinently forward on the occasion, and was dismissed the presence with unusual reprehension. See Clarendon's Hist. Reb. vol. III. p. 1.

‡ There is a copy of verses, that probably allude to this circumstance, in Poems by J. Howell, Esq. 1664, p. 105, intituled, "Of some, who blending their Brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the Muses choicest Sons and Servants, Sir W. Davenant, Kt. and Poet."

ginia*. He was, however, intercepted by a ship belonging to the Parliament, and sent a prisoner to Cowes Castle. Here, with great manliness of mind, he alleviated the tediousness of confinement by continuing his Heroic Poem. From hence he was removed to the Tower, and would most probably have suffered, had not an accident prevented it, which, as it displays humanity on the one side, and great gratitude on the other, deserves recording. Davenant, in his military capacity under the Duke of Newcastle, had taken two Aldermen of York, to whom he not only extended every indulgence, but, on their being either unable or unwilling to pay their ransom, he studiously gave them an opportunity of escaping, which they embraced†. These very men, on hearing that his life was in extreme danger, hastened to town, and interceded for him so successfully as to procure him a pardon. Bishop Newton, in his Life of Milton, attributes Sir William's acquittal to the interference of Milton, who, on the Restoration, received a similar piece of service from Davenant. Wood mentions Milton and the two Aldermen beforementioned, as being jointly concerned in it‡. On obtaining his liberty, he set about restoring to notice the insulted altars of the Muses, an effort which, when we take into the account the severity and gloominess of the times, required no inconsiderable share both of fortitude and address. Plays were absolutely prohibited. At last, however, he partially accomplished his ends, by opening a theatre at Rutland-house, under the auspices of a few men of sense, and exhibited a species of dramatic interludes hastily got up for the occasion, and formed partly from the Italian and partly the French style. They were given out under the appellation of *entertainments*.

Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri, &c.

From an innovation thus accidental and imperfect were our theatrical exhibitions corrupted; and from these paltry puppet-shews, which were sufficiently well-intended as substitutes for better things, the national taste received a deep and a vital tincture. When the time arrived at which they became no longer necessary, instead of recurring to the wholesome productions of Shakespear, Massinger, and Fletcher, which had so often awakened their passions and amended their hearts but a short time before, the publick countenanced the continuance of these pieces, or of such at least as were very little better, which did but make way for and announce the inundation of rhyming tragedies and other French trash which accompanied Charles and the Restoration, and which seemed but

* Cowley, in his Verses on the two first books of Gondibert, has an allusion to this excursion.

† This story is mentioned in Aubrey's MSS.

‡ For an account of this subject, see Deane Swift's "Essay on the Life, Character, &c. of Dr. Jonathan Swift." App. p. 33.

prophetical of that receipt in full for every folly which this nation was soon to be made acquainted with in that abominable, outlandish, and unnatural monster; the Italian Opera.—*Dii meliora Pis!*—

Thus easily corrupted are the sources of public taste, and thus dangerous is the slightest foreign infusion unwarranted by judgment; the quack who cannot remove a tooth-ach may poison millions. Some good consequences, however, resulted to the stage from the hand of Davenant; he was the first who, after the Restoration, introduced painted scenery *, and filled the property-room with that apparatus which before had been so much wanting, and which adds brilliancy and respect to a theatre. His residence abroad had probably supplied him with the hint. Through his means, the celebrated Betterton was brought more immediately forward to the eye of the publick. We are indebted to him for the great addition which the stage has received in the adoption of women, as all female characters were, before his time, sustained by young men. At present, none of Davenant's plays keep the stage. It is to his *Gondibert* that he has to trust for his fame, and it particularly merits a republication. From its total rejection of supernatural agency, it has afforded the critics an ample subject of contention. After all, it seems but candid to examine every work by those rules only which the author prescribed himself in the composing of it; every contrary step is but trying a man of one country by the laws of another. What right have we, therefore, to be offended at not finding the critical æts passed by Aristotle originally, and re-echoed by Bossu and the French critics, rigidly observed, when it was the author's professed intention to write without them? We may, nearly with the same propriety, accuse Shakespeare for not adhering to the unities. It was Davenant's intention to make an experiment, and let him be heard in his own words: "If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients, I shall think myself secure in believing that a poet, who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more

* In Cibber's *Lives*, art. Davenant, the following anecdote occurs, which deserves more attention than it seems to have gained: "In Shakespeare's time so undecorated were the theatres, that a blanket supplied the place of a curtain: and it was a good observation of the ingenious Mr. Chitty, a gentleman of acknowledged taste in dramatic excellence, that the circumstance of the blanket suggested to Shakespeare that noble image in *Macbeth*, where the murderer invokes night:

———— Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "hold! hold!"————

The lines are imperfectly quoted in Cibber, probably from memory. See Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* on this paſſage.

answerable for disobedience to predecessors than law-makers are
 liable to those old laws which themselves have repealed *.—In
 Bishop Hurd our author has found a formidable accuser. I trans-
 scribe the following very sensible passage from his *Essays on Chivalry*
 and *Romance*: "Pagan gods and Gothic fairies were equally
 out of credit when Milton wrote; he did well, therefore, to supply
 their room with angels and devils. If these too should wear out of
 the popular creed (and they seem in a hopeful way, from the liberty
 some late critics have taken with them), I know not what other
 expedients the Epic poet might have recourse to; but this I know,
 the pomp of verse, the energy of description, and even the finest
 moral paintings, would stand him in no stead without admiration
 (which cannot be effected but by the marvellous or celestial inter-
 vention, I mean the agency of superior natures really existing, or
 by the illusion of the fancy taken to be so), no Epic poem can be
 long lived"—it is to be wished (though we have no demand upon
 him for such a condescension) that the ingenious Bishop had given
 us his idea of a substitute, for what he here represents as already
 exploded, as well as for what he imagines as soon likely to be so.
 Poetry, no doubt, in being thus deprived of these her magical sup-
 ports, will lose much of her attraction. Yet, in the case of Daven-
 ant (supposing him amenable to a court of criticism), many palli-
 ations may be urged in his defence. There can scarce subsist a
 doubt but that, in denying himself the opportunity of indulging
 his fancy in the appendages of divine assistance, the dignity of the
 poem has been considerably diminished; yet, if we recollect the
 situation he stood in as to time, it will appear that his conduct did
 not result from a perverse and affected determination of deviating
 from rules long established, and long approved, but from a serious
 and sensible conviction that such machinery as those rules supplied
 him with was no longer practicable. The spirit of common-sense,
 which in his day began to shew itself, would certainly have re-
 volted against heathen mythology; the Gothic system, which the
 Italian school presented him with, was already hacknied and worn
 out, and no longer fostered and kept alive by the relish for chivalry,
 which prevailed even when Spenser wrote; the religion of
 his country afforded no instance that might serve to keep him in
 countenance, or justify an application of such hallowed materials to
 so light, and perhaps so unworthy, a purpose. These united ob-
 jections made (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of poetical
 atheist of Davenant, and reduced him to the necessity of pursuing a
 plan of his own, and of relying on the natural powers of his genius.
 With his pen in his hand, he seems boldly to have exclaimed, in
 the language of Mezentius,

Dextra mihi Deus et telum quod missile libro.

* Pref. p. 8.

I BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

On the whole (with the exception that Gondibert would have received both dignity and embellishment from divine agency, could the adoption of any such system have been practicable), I agree with the very liberal opinions of Dr. Aikin*, in whom our Poet has deservedly found a warm admirer, and a most intelligent critic, and one who has been the first to contribute to the revival of his memory.

Butler, who was a friend of Davenant's, has, with his usual pleasantry, laughed at Gondibert, *Hudibras*, part I. cant. 2, p. 395, &c. Dr. Johnson, speaking of the *Rehearsal*, observes, "that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterised by the name of Bilboa.—There is one passage in the *Rehearsal*, still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. Bayes hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise: how this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him." *Life of Dryden*.—In the *Art of Poetry*, cant. I. printed in Dryden's works, some lines are admitted to our Author's prejudice. The piece was not written by Dryden, but merely corrected by him: it is strange that he suffered the lines in question to stand. Dryden, however, as he wrote in conjunction with our Author, had the best opportunity imaginable of watching the quickness of his mind; he has accordingly paid a just compliment to his abilities in his preface to the *Tempest*. In Carew's *Poems* there are three copies of verses addressed to Davenant; and, in the *Olor Iscanus*, Lond. 1651, by H. Vaughan, there are verses on his Gondibert.

Davenant was born in 1605, was a member of Lincoln College, Oxon, and held the laurel for a considerable number of years. He died in 1668.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

THE modern testimonies to whose merits are few when compared with his deserts. The case is, most readers, discouraged at his voluminousness, content themselves with superficially skimming

* See his *Miscellaneous Pieces*. Hayley, in his *Epistles on Epic Poetry*, has been scandalously negligent of his countrymen; but six lines are given to Spenser, and four to Davenant, of whom he observes in his notes, "Davenant and Voltaire have sufficient defects to account for any neglect which may be their lot." Notes to *Epist. V*. It may not be improper to remark, that Lord Kaimes is for totally excluding machinery. See 22 chap. *Elem. of Crit.*—On such a subject, the opinion of Mr. Pope is entitled to weight. In his intended poem of *Brutus*, a plan of which is preserved in *Ruffhead*, p. 410, we find the agency both of a guardian genius and an evil spirit: *Brutus* is likewise represented as addressing the Supreme Being, who is there called God—but does not this seem an anachronism?

him over, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence. He possessed a very considerable fertility of mind, which enabled him to distinguish himself in almost every species of poetry, from a trifling sonnet to a long topographical poem. If he any where sinks below himself, it is in his attempts at satire. The goodness of his heart seems to have produced in him that confused kind of honest indignation which deprived him of the powers of discrimination: he therefore lost the opportunities of seizing on those nice allusions, situations, circumstances, and traits of character, by which vice and folly are rendered odious and contemptible. His *Poly-Olbion* is one of the most singular works this country has produced, and seems to me eminently original. The information contained in it is in general so acute, that he is quoted as an authority both by Hearne and Wood. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary. To many just objections it is most certainly liable: his continual personifications of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious; and, on the whole, we must be satisfied to read rather for information than pleasure. Ben Jonson, in his *Conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden*, says, that "had he performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the worthies), it had been excellent."—The writer of our Author's life, prefixed to the folio edition of his works, speaking of the *Poly-Olbion*, observes, that he has hitherto had no imitator. This is not strictly true, as there appeared, in 1621, the *Palæ-Albion*, by Will. Slayter, a sort of chronicle in Latin and English verse, in which he has an address to Drayton that contains the following acknowledgement:

Thy *Poly-Olbion* did invite
My *Palæ-Albion* thus to write;
Thine, ancient Albion's moderne glories,
Mine, moderne Olbion's ancient stories.

The first eighteen songs of the *Poly-Olbion* appeared in 1612, folio. A poem confined to a single point of national history of sufficient importance to excite curiosity, taken at the same time so far back from the recesses of antiquity, as to have lost that intractability which the poet invariably finds in the management of recent occurrences, if well executed, bids fair for success. In the *Legends* and *Herbical Epistles* both the time and the events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. In the *Barons Wars* too extensive a subject is opened, and the province of the historian too far transgressed upon: in order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, we must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the development of uncertain primary causes, and at last, perhaps, are obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation

in the notes. Our Author, who wants neither fire nor imagination, possessed great command of his abilities. He has written no masques; his personifications of the passions are few; and that allegorical vein, which the popularity of Spenser's works may fairly be supposed to have rendered fashionable, and which over-runs our earlier poetry, but seldom occurs in him. While his contemporary, Jonson, studied away his fancy, and, unable to digest the mass of his reading, peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idioms by the introduction of Latinisms*; Drayton adopted a style that, with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgement. He was born at Atherston, in Warwickshire, as it is conjectured, about 1563. Aubrey's MSS. call him the son of a butcher; his biographers, whether from ignorance, or disbelief of the fact, or from a ridiculous delicacy, take no notice of this circumstance. He attended Sir Walter Aston as one of his esquires on his being created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of James the First†. Drayton had indulged himself in forming expectations on James's coming to the throne, but was disappointed: this gave him a dislike to the times, and we find, in his Epistles to Browne and Sandys, a testy sort of dissatisfaction that does him no credit; so true is it, that a man seldom begins moralizing till he is either old, ill, or ill-treated. The MSS. abovementioned tell us, that his monument in the Abbey was given by the Countess of Dorset; and that the epitaph was written by F. Quarles, and not by Ben Jonson, to whom it is attributed. He died in 1631. The late Lord Lansdown had an original picture of him, which he highly valued; it was supposed to have been done by Peter Oliver. Graing. Biog. vol. II. p. 11.

* A strong and original vein of humour was Ben's peculiar forte; take away that, and he is undeserving of the fame he has obtained. The best parts of him are written (to reverse what Dryden says of Shakspeare), not luckily, but laboriously; he is frequently cumbersome without strength, but seldom or never strong without being cumbersome; he always betrays a drudging patience, but seldom a warm activity of mind; he often grovels, and but rarely soars; from a constant habit of walking on the crutches of authority and imitation, he soon lost the proper use of his legs. Not to mention his frequent crabbedness and obscurity. What are we to think of a writer of English, to the understanding of whom a tolerable share of Greek and Latin will not qualify us? Let every ancient claim his property, and Jonson will scarce have a rag left to cover his nakedness.

† In the list of English Poets, by Stow, in his Annals, he is called, if I recollect aright, "M. Drayton, Esq. of the Bath."

JOHN DANCER,

Of whom I can gain no information. Langbaine mentions some dramatic pieces as his. See an Account of the English Dramatic Poets, p. 99. He appears to have lived in the reign of Charles II. What I have extracted from him has some merit—sufficient to justify us in a wish for farther knowledge of him.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

WERE the celebrated Mr. Pott compelled to read a lecture upon the anatomy of the human frame at large, in a regular set of stanzas, it is much to be questioned whether he could make himself understood, by the most apprehensive auditor, without the advantage of professional knowledge. Fletcher seems to have undertaken a nearly similar task, as the five first cantos of "The Purple Island" are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the course of which, the reader forgets the poet, and is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of the subject was a material error in judgement; for which, however, ample atonement is made in what follows. Nor is Fletcher wholly undeserving of praise for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of metre. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured; and, notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are too arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters, in general, by no means sufficiently kept apart; yet, amid such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration. After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the Virtues and better qualities of the heart, under their leader Eclecta, or Intellect, are attacked by the Vices: a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interference of an angel, who appears at the prayers of Eclecta. The poet here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable compliment to James the First (stanza 35, canto 12), on that account perhaps the most unpalatable passage in the book. From Fletcher's dedication of this his poem, with his Piscatory Eclogues and Miscellanies, to his friend Edmund Benlowes, it seems, that they were written very early, as he calls them "raw essays of my
d 3 very

very unripe years, and almost childhood:" It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover. He is eminently intitled to a very high rank among our old English classics.—Our author's father was Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was born in Kent, bred at Eton, elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1565, where he became a man of learning, and *an excellent poet* *. He was ambassador to Russia, and published the History of that commonwealth in 1591, which was suppressed, lest it should give offence, but afterwards reprinted in 1644. He died in 1610, leaving two sons, Giles and Phineas, the latter our author, who was of King's College, Cambridge, and beneficed at Hilgay in Norfolk, on the presentation of Sir Henry Willoughby, Bart. in 1621. He seems to have held this 29 years. See Blomfield's "Norfolk."—Quarles, in his Verses prefixed to "The Purple Island," hints, that he had a poem on a similar subject in agitation, but was prevented from pursuing it by finding it had got into other hands. In a map to one of his Emblems are these names of places, London, Finchfield, Roxwell, and Hilgay; edit. 1669.

GILES FLETCHER,

THE brother of Phineas, and author of "Christ's Victory," a poem rich and picturesque, and on a much happier subject than that of his brother, yet unenlivened by personification. He took the degree of bachelor of divinity, and died at Alderton in Suffolk in 1623, to use the emphatic expression of Wood, "equally beloved of the Muses and Graces."—These two elegant brothers belonged to a family poetical in many of its branches; and Benlowes well observes, in his Verses to Phineas, "Thy very name's a poet."—John Fletcher, the dramatic writer, was their cousin, the son of Dr. R. Fletcher, successively Bishop of Bristol, Worcester, and London, whose memory will be execrated as long as the manly and pathetic pages of Dr. Stuart shall endure. This officious priest had the irreverence to imbitter the last minutes of the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots. The following are the words of Wood, one not much given to the melting mood: "At which time he, being the person appointed to pray with and for her, did persuade her to renounce her religion, contrary to all Christianity (as it was by many then present so taken), to her great disturbance." Wood, Ath. Ox. vol. I. p. 734.—It appears, from Giles Fletcher's dedication of his Poem to Dr. Nevyle, the master of Trinity College, that he was under great obligations to him. Speaking of the College he says, "In which, being placed by your favour *only*, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less, than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay."

* Wood, Ath.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

THOSE who are acquainted with the lives of heroes, or the history of their country, will deem every notice that I can give relative to this nobleman impertinent: it will be sufficient to observe, therefore, that in a Miscellany printed at Edinburgh are some Verses attributed to him, though his claim to them is perhaps doubtful. Mr. Pinkerton, in his "Select Scottish Ballads," has printed some of them. To the "Verses on Charles the First" he has an unquestionable right; and they are conceived with the vigour and dignity of a soldier. See Lloyd's Mem. p. 638, fol. edit.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

A writer whose mind, though it exhibits few marks of strength, is not destitute of delicacy; he is smooth, sentimental, and harmonious. The best of his pieces have been already made public. He served with honour in the Low Country wars; and on his return turned his attention to the study of letters. Lord Gray of Wilton was his patron; from whom he acknowledges to have received particular favours. He was born in Essex; educated, according to Wood, at both Universities, but more particularly at Cambridge; studied at Grays Inn; and died, a middle-aged man, at Walthamstow in the Forest, which seems to have been the residence of his family, in 1598.

WILLIAM HABINGTON,

SOME of whose pieces deserve being revived. I am able to give no farther account of him than what is furnished me by Langbaine, from whose Account of the Dramatic Poets the following is taken. "A gentleman that lived in the time of the late civil wars; and, fighting Bellona, gave himself up entirely to the Muses. He was equally famous for history and poetry; of which his "Edward the Fourth" and "Castara" are sufficient testimonies. Mr. Kirkman (who was very knowing in plays) has ascribed a dramatic piece to him, which gives us occasion to speak of him: it is called, "Queen of Arragon, a Tragi-comedy, acted at Court, and the Black-Fryars," and printed at London in folio, 1640.—In the "Complete History of England," 1706, the two first volumes of which were compiled by Mr. Hughes the poet, Habington's Life of Edward is inserted, among other adopted Lives. See note vol. I. Hughes's Letters, by Duncombe.

GEORGE HERBERT,

A writer of the same class, though infinitely inferior to both Quarles and Crashaw. His poetry is a compound of enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without either ingenuity or imagination. The piece I have selected is perhaps the best in his book. When a name is once reduced to the impartial test of time, when partiality, friendship, fashion, and party, have withdrawn their influence, our surprise is frequently excited by past subjects of admiration that now cease to strike. He who takes up the poems of Herbert would little suspect that he had been public orator of an University, and a favourite of his Sovereign; that he had received flattery and praise from Donne and from Bacon; and that the biographers of the day had enrolled his name amongst the first names of his country. He was born at Montgomery Castle, in Wales, April 5, 1593; elected from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge; and afterwards prebendary of Lincoln, according to some verses called "A Memorial," prefixed to his "Temple." He died about 1633. The additional poems, intitled "The Synagogue," are attributed by Granger to Crashaw. But they are unworthy of him. The title of Crashaw's Poems might have been borrowed from Herbert.—Herbert's Life has been written, with his usual trifling minuteness, by honest Isaac Walton.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,

THE first refiner of our language, and the unrivalled ornament of his age and country: in him, genius and gallantry seem singularly to have set off each other. His writings merit attention equally as compositions of real and intrinsic merit, as objects of curiosity. Charged with allegations the most frivolous, he fell a victim, in the prime of his life, to the envy and suspicion of an unworthy and barbarous King, and was executed Jan. 19, 1546-7.—His life and writings have been previously set forth with such elegance and minuteness, by the happy pencils of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Watton, as to render the after-strokes of a bungling dauber unnecessary. See Royal Authors, vol. I. p. 96, 2d edit.; History of English Poetry, vol. III. sect. 19.—Surrey was buried in the church of All Hallows Barking, Tower Street, but afterwards removed to Framlingham, Suffolk, where an honourable monument was erected to his memory, by his second son, Henry Earl of Northampton. Collins's Peerage, vol. I.

HENRY

HENRY KING,

BISHOP of Chichester, an eminent and respectable divine, the greater part of whose poetry (which was either written at an early age, or as a relaxation from severer studies) is neat, and uncommonly elegant. He turned the Psalms into verse, 1651; and published Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets, Lond. 1657, which, according to Wood, were attributed, on their first appearance, to Dr. Philip King, his brother, and inserted as such in the Bodleian Catalogue. Dr. King was born in 1591 at Wornal, in Bucks, and educated at Thame and Westminster: he was student of Christ-church, Oxford; and died in 1669. He likewise wrote various Latin and Greek pieces, scattered in various books, which are now not easily to be collected.

RICHARD LOVELACE,

ELEGANT, brave, and unfortunate, the pride of the softer sex, and the envy of his own. The affecting particulars of his active life are preserved to us in Wood. Many of his verses were written during confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, to which he was committed for carrying a petition from the county of Kent to the House of Commons; for the laudable purpose of restoring the King to his rights, and settling the government. Andrew Marvel alludes to this circumstance in his excellent verses prefixed to *Lucastra*. I quote the lines at large, as they will serve to shew the untoward temper of the times:

The ayre's already tainted with the swarmes
Of insects which against you rise in arms,
Word-peckers, paper-rats, book-scorpions,
Of wit corrup'd, the unfashion'd sons.
The barbed censurers begin to looke
Like the grim consistory on thy booke;
And on each line cast a reforming eye,
Severer than the young Presbytery.
Till when in vaine they have thee all perus'd,
You shall for being faultlesse be accus'd.
Some, reading your *Lucastra*, will alledge
You wrong'd in her the House's priviledge.
Some that you under sequestration are,
Because you write when going to the warre.
And one the book prohibits, because Kent
Their first petition by the Author sent.

His pieces, which are light and easy, had been models in their way, were their simplicity but equal to their spirit; they were the offspring of gallantry and amusement, and, as such, are not to be reduced

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reduced to the test of serious criticism. This we may infer from the verses signed F. Lenton, prefixed to his book:

Thus if thy *careles* draughts are cal'd the best,
What would thy lines have beene, hadst thou *profess*
That faculty (infus'd) of poetry?

Under the name of Lucaſta, which is the title to his poems, he compliments a Miſs Lucy Sacheverel, a lady, according to Wood, of great beauty and fortune, whom he was accuſtomed, during his intimacy, to call "Lux caſta." On a ſtrong report of Lovelace's having died of a wound received at Dunkirk, ſhe married. Our Author was the ſon of Sir W. Lovelace, Knt. of Woolwich, in Kent; was admitted Gentleman-commoner of Glouceſter Hall, Oxon, in 1634; and, after two years ſtanding, on the King's coming to Oxford, was, with other men of Quality, created Maſter of Arts. He died in the moſt extreme want and obſcurity in a mean lodging in Gunpowder-alley, near Shoe-lane, and was buried in St. Bride's church, London, aged 40. Winiſtanley has not, without ſome degree of propriety, compared him to Sir Philip Sidney.

THOMAS MAY.

BARE hiſtory has ever been found a very unproductive province, I believe, for a poet, and more particularly ſo, where the ſubject, from its notoriety, becomes liable to the ſcrutiny of every eye: as the Muſe, when confined to a given ſeries of events, dare not diſpenſe with the ſeverity of truth to reward that virtue which ſhe finds unprotected, or, with a laudable enthuaſiaſm, diſannul thoſe decrees of fortune which had been favourable to vice; the mind naturally abhors every violation of well-eſtabliſhed hiſtorical fact, and ſometimes will not even bear with a ſufficient admiſſion of fiction for the mere purpoſes of poeſy only; it is ever inclined to exclaim, "quodcunque mihi oſtendas ſic incredulus odi*." Hor.

Under theſe diſadvantageous circumſtances, the writer before us will be found entitled to much praiſe for the manner in which he has conducted ſuch ſubjects as the reigns of Henry the Second and Edward the Third. Daniel has been denominated, by Speed, the Lucan of his country: he may have ſome pretenſions to that diſtinction from the title of his ſubject †, but none from his execution of it. May has certainly a better claim to the appellation; for, without degenerating into the languor of Daniel, he has caught

* Mr. Maſon, in his *Elfrida*, has wantonly miſrepreſented hiſtorical fact; for which no man ſhould be forgiven, and for which no beauties in his poetry can compenſate.

† Hiſtory of the Civil War.

no small portion of the energy and declamatory spirit which characterizes the Roman poet, whom, as he translated, he insensibly made his model. His battle-pieces highly merit being brought forward to notice; they possess the requisites in a considerable degree for interesting the feelings of an Englishman: while in accuracy they vie with a Gazette, they are managed with such dexterity, as to busy the mind with unceasing agitation, with scenes highly diversified and impassioned by striking character, minute incident, and alarming situation. As dialogue is better qualified for conveying sentiments, occasional speeches are introduced, which give a very dramatic air, and add life and variety to his subject; nor is his narrative, which is better adapted (as Lord Kaimes observes) to facts, by any means deficient either in grandeur of manner, or elevation of language. According to Wood, he was born at Mayfield, in Suffex; it is conjectured about 1594. He was a Fellow-commoner of Sidney College, Cambridge, and was countenanced by Charles the First, both a judge and a patron of poetry, at whose express command he undertook his reign of Edward the Third; but, whether from disgust at not being preferred, or from principle, he took an active part in favour of Cromwell, to whose parliament he was created historian. The disappointment that might have more immediately affected him, and served to alienate him from his sovereign, was Davenant's having been promoted to the office of Queen's poet, for which May had applied. Wood has made him answerable for many enormities, as the following extract testifies: he "was graciously countenanced by K. Charles I. and his royal consort; but he, finding not that preferment from either which he expected, grew discontented, sided with the Presbyterians; upon the turn of the times, became a debauchee *ad omnia*, entertained ill principles as to religion, spoke often very slightly of the Holy Trinity, kept beastly and atheistical company, of whom Thomas Chaloner* the regicide was one; and endeavoured to his power to asperse and invalidate the King and his cause." Ath. Oxon. It is no unpleasant reflection to be able to find so many elegant writers of Latin among our English Poets, in the first rank of which our Author stands very high.—Ben Jonson, Cowley, May, Milton, Marvell, Crashaw, Addison, Gray, Smart, Mr. T. Warton, and Sir William Jones, are such writers of Latin verse as any country might with justice be proud of.

* Aubrey's MSS in Ashmolean, say, "May was a great acquaintance of Thomas Chaloner; his translation of Lucan's excellent poem made him in love with the republic." The same MSS. add, he was "a handsome man, debauched, lodged in the little square by Cannon-row, as you go through the alley."

RICHARD NICCOLS,

A poet of great elegance and imagination, one of the ornaments of the reign of Elizabeth. The most material of his works are his *Additions to "The Mirror for Magistrates,"* a book most popular in its time, suggested originally by Boccace, "*De Casibus Principum*," containing a series of pieces by Sackville, Baldwyne, Ferrers, Churchyard, Phayer, Higgins, Drayton. It was ultimately completed, and its contents new-arranged, by Niccols, whose Supplement to the edition of 1610 has the following title: "*A Winter Night's Vision: being an Addition of such Princes, especially famous, who were exempted in the former Historie.*" By Richard Niccols, Oxon. Mag. Hall, &c. &c." To this likewise is improperly subjoined "*England's Eliza: or, The victorious and triumphant Reigne of that Virgin Empreffe, of sacred Memorie, Elizabeth, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, &c. &c.*" His other writings are, "*The Cuckow, a Poem*," Lond. 1607, dedicated to Mr. afterwards Sir Thomas, Wroth;—" *Monodia: or, Waltham's Complaint upon the Death of the most vertuous and noble Lady, late deceased, the Lady Honor Hay*," Lond. 1615.—Our author was born of a good family in London; and at 18 years of age, anno 1602, was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he staid but a short time; retiring to Magdalen Hall, he took a bachelor's degree in 1606. After remaining here some years, and being esteemed amongst the most ingenious men of his day, according to Wood, he quitted Oxford, and lived in London, where he *obtained an employment suitable to his faculty.* What this employment was, we are left to conjecture.

FRANCIS QUARLES,

IT is the fate of many to receive from posterity that commendation which, though deserved, they missed of during their lives; others, on the contrary, take their full compliment of praise from their contemporaries, and gain nothing from their successors; a double payment is rarely the lot of any one. In every nation few indeed are they who, allied, as it were, to immortality, can boast of a reputation sufficiently bulky and well-founded to catch, and to detain, the eye of each succeeding generation as it rises. The revolutions of opinion, gradual improvements, and new discoveries, will shake if not demolish the fairest fabricks of the human intellect. Fame, like virtue, is seldom stationary; if it ceases to advance, it inevitably goes backward; and speedy are the steps of its receding when compared with those of its advances.

Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in tempore;
Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,
Consistis ægre, et quidum discendas decides:
Cecidi ego: cadet qui sequitur. Laus est publica.

Des. Laberius.
Writers

Writers who do not belong to the first class, yet are of distinguished merit, should rest contented with the scanty praise of the few for the present, and trust with confidence to posterity. He who writes well leaves a *κλέμας ἰς ἄστυ** behind him: the partial and veering gales of favour, though silent perhaps for one century, are sure to rise in gusts in the next. Truth, however tardy, is infallibly progressive; and with her walks Justice. Let this console deserted Genius; those honours which, through envy or accident, are withheld in one age, are sure to be repaid, with interest, by Taste and Gratitude in another. These reflections were more immediately suggested by the memory of Quarles, which has been branded with more than common abuse, and who seems often to have been censured merely from the want of being read. If his poetry failed to gain him friends and readers, his piety should at least have secured him peace and good-will. He too often, no doubt, mistook the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of fancy; to mix the waters of Jordan and Helicon in the same cup was reserved for the hand of Milton; and for him, and him only, to find the bays of Mount Olivet equally verdant with those of Parnassus. Yet, as the effusions of a real poetical mind, however thwarted by untowardness of subject, will be seldom rendered totally abortive, we find in Quarles original imagery, striking sentiment, fertility of expression, and happy combinations; together with a compression of style that merits the observation of the writers of verse. Gross deficiencies of judgement, and the infelicity of his subjects, concurred in ruining him. Perhaps no circumstance whatever can give a more complete idea of Quarles's degradation than a late edition of his "Emblems;" the following passage is extracted from the Preface: "Mr. Francis Quarles, the author of the Emblems that go under his name, was a man of the most exemplary piety, and had a deep insight into the mysteries of our holy religion. But, for all that, the book itself is written in so old a language, that many parts of it are scarce intelligible in the present age; many of his phrases are so affected, that no person, who has any taste for reading, can peruse them with the least degree of pleasure; many of his expressions are harsh, and sometimes whole lines are included in a parenthesis, by which the mind of the reader is diverted from the principal object. His Latin mottoes under each cut can be of no service to an ordinary reader, because he cannot understand them. In order, therefore, to accommodate the publick with an edition of Quarles's Emblems, properly modernised, this work was undertaken." Such an exhibition of Quarles is chaining Columbus to an oar, or making John Duke of Marlborough a train-band corporal. His "Enchiridion," Lond. 1658, consisting of select brief observations, moral and political, deserves republication, together with the best parts of his other works. Had this little piece been written ar

* Thucydides.

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Athens or at Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country. The most striking remarks in it are, 31, 39, 57. Cento 1; 9, 16, Cento 2; 2, 14, Cento 3; 18, 84, Cento 4.—Our author was cupbearer to the Queen of Bohemia, secretary to the Primate of Ireland, and chronologer to the City of London; in the mention of which latter office, his widow, in her Life of him, says, "which place he held to his death, and would have given that city (and the world) a testimony that he was their faithful servant therein, if it had pleased God to bless him with life to perfect what he had began."—His sufferings, both in mind and estate, during the civil wars, were considerable. Winstanley tells us, he was plundered of his books and some rare manuscripts, which he intended for the press. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Granger have asserted, that he had a pension from Charles the First, though they produce no authority. It is not improbable, as the King had taste to discover merit, and generosity to reward it. Wood, in mentioning a publication of Dr. Burges, which was abused by an anonymous author, in a pamphlet called "A Whip," and answered by Quarles, styles our author "an old puritanical poet, the sometimes darling of our plebeian judgements."—Philips says of his works, that "they have been every, and still are, in wonderful veneration among the vulgar." Theat. Poet. p. 45, edit. 1666.—He was born at Stewards, in the parish of Rumford in Essex, in 1592; and died, the father of 18 children, in September 1644. He was buried in St. Leonard's Foster Lane. His death was lamented, in a copy of *Alcaicks*, by J. Duport, Greek professor to the University of Cambridge, and one of the first writers of that tongue this country has produced. See "A Relation of the Life and Death of Mr. Francis Quarles, by Ursula Quarles, his Widow," to which these verses are subjoined. See Lloyd's Mem. p. 621; Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 335. In an obscure Book of Epigrams, by Thomas Baneroff, there is one addressed to Quarles, in which he intimates that he had been pre-occupied in a subject by our poet. Ep. 233. B. I. 1639.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

A VOTARY of whom the Muses cannot but be proud. The poetry he has left is sufficient to discover that, had he made it a serious pursuit, he would have equally excelled in that, as he has done in other departments of learning. The complexion of Raleigh's mind was diversified by a variety of elevated, and almost contradictory features: as an historian, a navigator, a soldier, and a politician, he ranks with the first characters of his age and country; and his life furnishes the most unequivocal proof that, amidst the distraction of an active and adventurous life, leisure may always be found for the cultivation of letters. It is highly to his credit that he was the friend and the patron of Spenser, who seems

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to have had a great opinion of his poetical abilities, and, in a sonnet sent to him with his *Fairy Queen*, styles him, with great beauty, "the summer's nightingale." He alludes to, and compliments him again, book III. cant. 1, stanz. 4 and 5, and not improbably, under the name of Colin. *Daphnida*, vol. V. p. 157, Hag. edit. Sp.* On the other hand, the following lines, which are said of Spenser, will serve to convince us how highly he stood in Rawleigh's estimation :

Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.

To Spenser.

Raleigh was born at East Budeleigh, in Devonshire ; entered a Commoner of Oriel College, Oxon ; and studied at the Middle Temple, once a necessary part of an elegant education. He fell a sacrifice to a mean prince, and a packed jury; *anno* 1618, and mounted the scaffold with the same unconcern with which others would have ascended a throne. It may be safely asserted of him, that his fame has not exceeded his virtue.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST,

CREATED Earl of Dorset in the reign of James the First, and one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the letters of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama. Wood mentions him as "having been, in his younger days, poetically inclined ; did write, while he continued in Oxon, several Latin and English poems, which, though published either by themselves, or mixed among other men's poems ; yet I presume they are lost or forgotten, as having no name to them, or that the copies are worn out." *Ath. Oxon.* vol. I. p. 297. It should appear, from this account, that he had written smaller compositions, as well as the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, and his induction to the *Mirror for Magistrates* ; and I cannot but think that the expression of "*Sackvilles Sonnets*," in the metrical preface to J. Heywood's *Thyestes*, alludes to some slighter pieces of this Author either lost or undistinguished, contrary to Mr. Warton's note, *Eng. Poet.* vol. III. p. 273. He was Lord Treasurer to Elizabeth, Chancellor of the university of Oxford ; born at Withyam, in Suffex ; educated at Hart Hall ; had a Master's degree conferred on him by the university of Cambridge ; studied at the Inner Temple ; and travelled. He died, April 19, 1608. See more on this head, Walpole's *Roy. Auth.* vol. I. p. 162, 2d edit. Spenser has a sonnet with his *Fairy Queen* addressed to this nobleman, from whom, it may not amiss to remark, that Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the well-

* In his *Collin Clout* he likewise says of him, speaking of poetry,
"Himself as skilful in that art as any."

known

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known patron of polite literature, was lineally descended.—Mrs. Upton conjectures, that the verses signed R. S. prefixed to the Fairy Queen, were written by Robert Sackville, Esq. eldest son of our author.

WILLIAM WARNER.

BY far the most valuable parts of this writer have been restored to the notice which they so much deserve by Dr. Percy, Mr. Ritson; and the authorels of the Muses Library; many parts of great merit are still left, which I have availed myself of. There is in Warner occasionally a pathetic simplicity that never fails of engaging the heart. His tales, though often tedious, and not unfrequently indelicate, abound with all the unaffected incident and artless ease of the best old ballads, without their cant and puerility. The pastoral pieces that occur are superior to all the eclogues in our language, those of Collins only excepted. Drayton, his contemporary, speaks in the following terms of him :

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trim'd,
Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd,
And neatly jointed, but the critic may
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say
For my old friend, some passages there be
In him, which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder, so fine, so clear, and new,
As yet they have been equalled by few. *Of Poets and Poetry.*

He appears to have been patronised by Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, whom he thus addresses in his preface: "Having dedicated a former booke* to him that from your Honor deriveth his birth, now also present the like to your Lordship, with so much the lesse doubt, and so much the more dutie, by how much the more I esteeme this my latter labour of more vawew, and I owe, and your Lordship expecteth especiall dutie at the hands of your servant." Epist. Dedicat. Albion's Eng. Lond. 1602. He is said to have been born in Warwickshire, and educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxon; and is considered by Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," edit. 1598, as an improver of the English language. Phillips calls him, "a good honest writer of moral rules and precepts in that old-fashioned kind of seven-footed verse which yet sometimes is in use, though in different manner, that is to say, divided into two." He may be reckoned with several other writers of the same time (i. e. Elizabeth's reign), who, though inferior to Sidney, Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel, yet have been thought by

* Syrinx, or a seavenfold Historie, handled with Varietie of pleasant and profitable, both cominickall and tragicall, Argument. Lond. 1597.

some not unworthy to be remembered and quoted, namely, G. Gascoign, &c." *Theat. Poet.* p. 195.

SIR HENRY WOOTON,

BORN in 1568, at Boughton Place, in Kent, the seat of his ancestors, and educated at Winchester, and New College, Oxford, where he continued till two-and-twenty years of age, and took his Master's degree. From hence he visited most parts of Europe; and, after continuing abroad about eight years, and conciliating the friendship of many foreigners of the first rank and consequence, he returned into England, and was received into favour by the Earl of Essex, the celebrated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and made one of his secretaries; but Essex's popularity declining, Wooton found it expedient not merely to relinquish his service, but to quit the kingdom; which he had no sooner left than he heard the news of Essex's execution, together with that of many of his adherents. In foreseeing and eluding this storm much policy is discovered. An accident made him King James's ambassador to Venice, to which he was thrice sent, besides being employed in other offices of trust. In return for his services, he was made Provost of Eton, where he at last took orders, and died, aged 72. As a courtier and a politician he probably possessed talents, which the experience he had must have rendered useful. His residence abroad has distorted his language, and given it no small tincture of affectation. He appears to have been a man of considerable thinking and reflection, and his poetical compositions, when considered in their proper light, namely, as the effusions of one who merely scribbled for his amusement, will be found deserving of praise.

SIR THOMAS WYAT,

OF Allington Castle in Kent; a man popular in his day, and the temporary favourite of Henry the Eighth; he deserves equally of posterity with Surrey for the diligence with which he cultivated polite letters. In his verses he seems to have wanted the judgement of his friend Surrey, who, in imitating Petrarch, resisted the contagion of his conceits. I will transcribe a passage from "The Muses' Library," in which there seems great good sense: "In his poetical capacity he does not appear to have much imagination; neither are his verses so musical or well polished as Lord Surrey's: Those of gallantry, in particular, seem to me too artificial for a lover, and too negligent for a poet." p. 70.—Wyat's chief merit is in the satiric vein of his epistles, which have much of the familiar elegance of Horace. This style of writing, however easy it may appear to superficial observers, requires the most extensive knowledge

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ledge of mankind, and the greatest address to manage dexterously, and which no one seems to have caught with greater success than Mr. Cowper, in his "Table Talk," "Progress of Error, Truth," &c. &c. See vol. I. of his Poems. We have to lament that these pieces are written in rhyme.—Wyat died suddenly in 1541. His character has received every possible illustration from Mr. Warton, Hist. Eng. Poet. vol. III. sect. 20. After whose discriminating pencil, every touch from my hand must serve rather to injure than improve the likeness. See likewise Miscell. Antiq. No II. by Mr. Walpole.

Drayton, in his Verses to Master George Sandys, Treasurer for the English Colony in Virginia, mentions the name of a Wyatt, who probably might be a descendant of our poet's. Sandys was related to the Wyatt family.

"Of noble Wyatt's health, and let me hear."

DESCRIP-

E R R A T A.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

- Page 17. *dele* the comma *after* value.
 1b. *for* singulary *read* singularly.
 25. *for* Muse *read* Grace.
 28. *for* 1520 *read* 1720.

B I O G R A P H I C A L S K E T C H E S.

- Page lix. add to this list of writers of Latin, the names of Jortin and George Markham.

V O L. I.

- Page 20. Stan. 4 *for* herre *read* heere.
 22. Stan. 2 *dele* the.
 27. *for* Molaes *read* Moldaes.
 88. *dele* do in the 2d Stan.

V O L. II.

- Page 15. *for* a every losse *read* at.
 17. *for* affections *read* affections.
 1b. *for* trymph'd *read* triumph'd.
 80. *instead of* "for absence" *read* "for her absence."
 92. *insert* a full stop *after* "thine eie."
 1b. *for* thy fear-cloth *read* my.
 96. *for* Coerfus *read* Cræsus.

N O T E S.

- Page 136. *instead of* seme *read* some.
 142. *dele* "a republication of."
 146. *for* annexs *read* annexes.
 160. *for* occurs *read* occur.

The following note refers to Vol. II. page 62, and should have been inserted in its proper place.

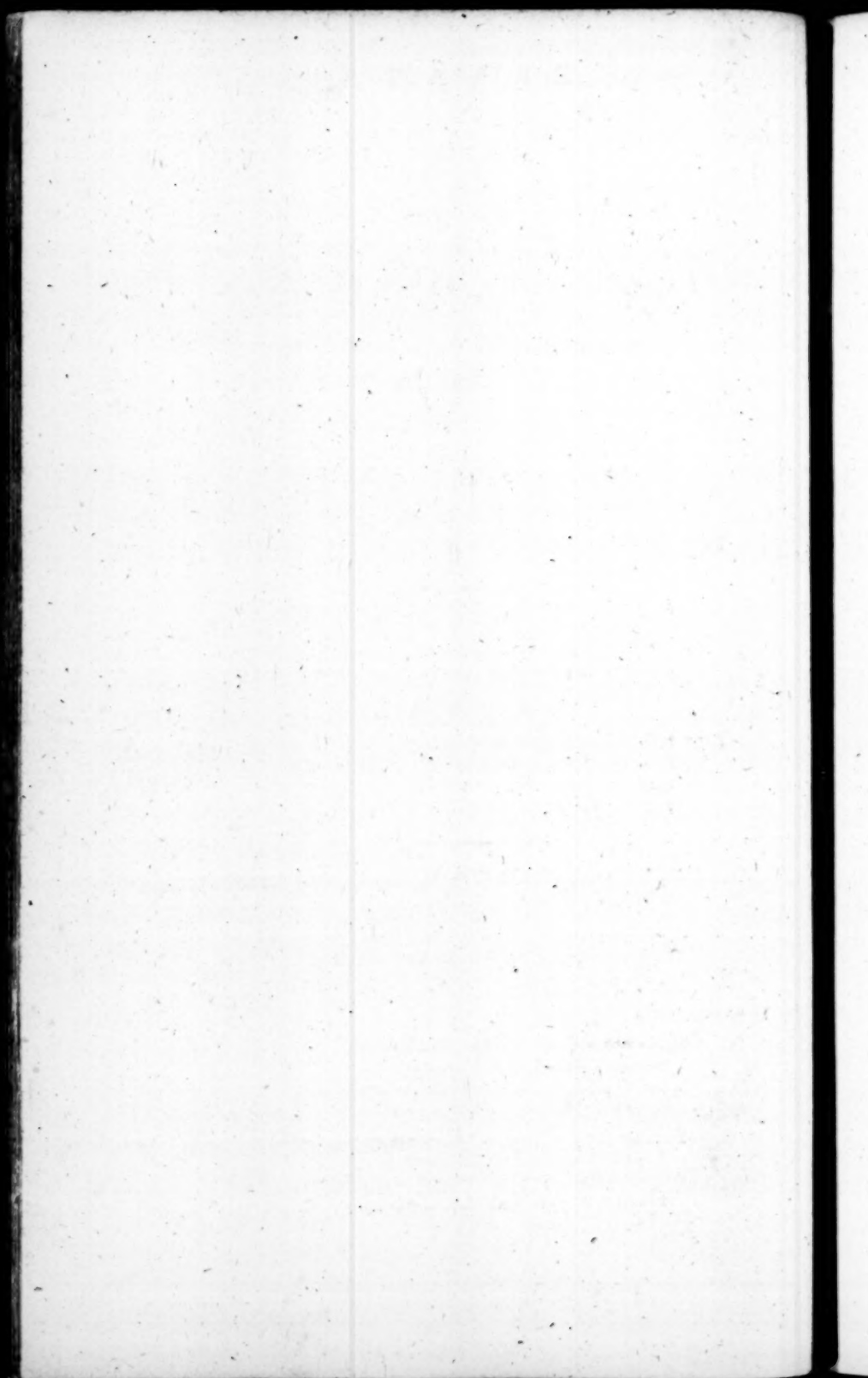
——— though their days were few
 They scarcely sinne, but never sorrow knew.

A consolation of the same nature we find in the following exquisite Epigram of Lucian.

Παῖδά μὲ παιδείῃσιν, ἀκαθάρτα θυμὸν ἔχοντα,
 Νηλεΐδης Ἀΐδης ἤρπασε Καλλιμάχον.
 Ἀλλὰ μὲ μὴ Κλαίεις, καὶ γὰρ Βίοτοιο μετίσχω
 Παύρων, καὶ παύρων τῶν Βίοτοιο κακῶν.

ANTH.

Puerum me quinquennem curarum expers pectus habentem
 Immitis Orcus rapuit Callimachum :
 At ne me lugeas, etenim vitæ particeps fui
 Medicæ, et paucorum vitæ malorum.



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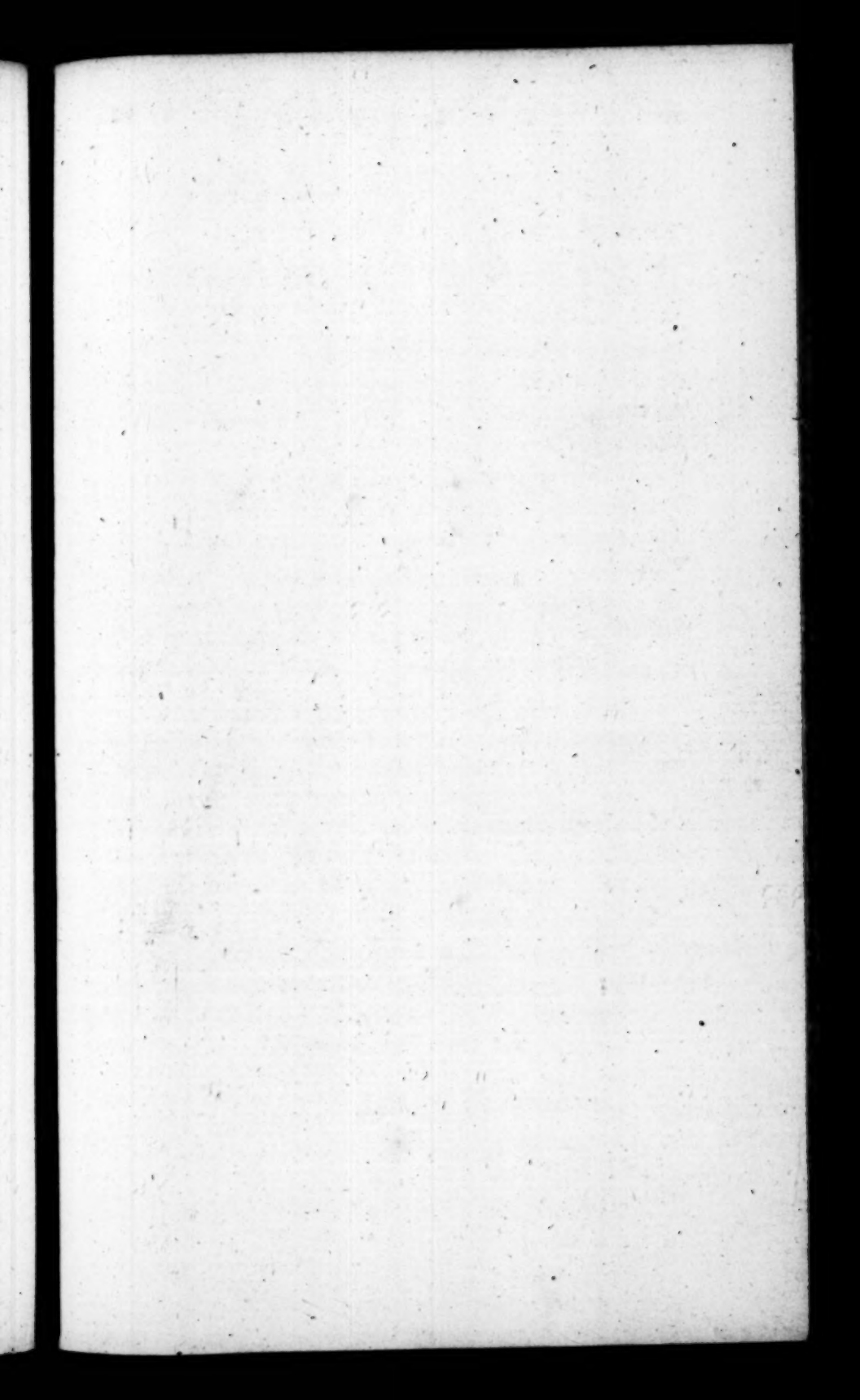
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DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

THE DEN OF THE VICES.

THERE in her denn lay pompous Luxury,
 Stretch'd out at length ; no vice could boast such high
 And generall victories as she had wonne,
 Of which proud trophees there at large were showne.
 Besides small states and kingdomes ruined,
 Those mighty Monarchies, that had orespread
 The spatiuous earth, and stretch'd their conquering armes
 From Pole to Pole, by her ensnaring charms
 Were quite consum'd, there lay imperiall Rome,
 That vanquish'd all the world, by her orecome.
 Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian Lion there,
 The Græcian Leopard, and the Persian Bear,
 With others numberlesse lamenting by,
 Examples of the power of Luxury.
 Next with erected lookes Ambition stood,
 Whose trophees all were pourtray'd forth in blood.
 Under his feet Law and Religion
 He trampled downe ; sack'd cities there were showne,
 Rivers and fields with slaughter overspread,
 And stain'd with blood which his wild sons had shed.
 There *Ninus* image stood, who first of all
 By lawless armes and slaughter did enthral

The quiet nations, that liv'd free 'till then,
 And first tooke pride to triumph over men.
 There was *Sesofres* figured; there the sonne
 Of *Philip* lay, whose dire ambition
 Not all the spacious earth could satisfy.
 Swift as the lightning did his conquests fly
 From Greece to farthest Easterne lands, and like
 Some dire contagion, through the world did strike
 Death and destruction; purple were the floods
 Of every region with their natives bloods.
 Next him that Roman lay, who first of all
 Captiv'd his countrey; there were figur'd all
 His warres and mischiefs, and whatever woes
 Through all the world by dire ambition rose.
 Next to that Fiend lay pale Revenge; with gore
 His ghastly visage was all sprinkled ore.
 The hate he bore to others, had quite rest
 Him of all love unto himselfe, and left
 No place for nature, ore his den were showne
 Such tragedies and sad destruction,
 As would dissolve true humane hearts to heare,
 And from the Furies selves inforce a teare.
 Those bloody slaughters there to view were brought,
 Which *Jacob's* cruell sonnes in Shechem wrought,
 When all the males but newly circumcis'd
 To their revengfull rage were sacrific'd.
 There the slaine youth of Alexandria ly
 By *Caracalla's* vengefull butchery,
 The captiv'd fate of Spaine was there display'd,
 Which wrathfull *Julian* in revenge betray'd
 To Pagan Moores, and ruin'd so his owne
 Sad house, his country and religion.
 Not all these sacred bonds with him prevaile,
 When he beholds his ravish'd daughter waile,
 Wring her white hands, and that faire bosome strike
 That too much pleas'd the lustfull Rhodericke.
 The next Sedition lay, not like the rest
 Was he attir'd, nor in his lookes exprest

Hatred to heaven and vertues lawes ; but he
 Pretends religion, law or liberty,
 Seeming t' adore what he did most oerthrow,
 And would perswade vertue to be a foe
 To peace and lawfull power, above his den
 For boasting trophees hung such robes, as when
 Old Sparta stood, her Ephori did weare,
 And Romes bold Tribunes. Stories carved there
 Of his atchievements numberlesse were seene,
 Such as the *Gracchi's* factious stirres had beene,
 In ancient Rome, and such as were the crimes,
 That oft wrack'd Greece in her most potent times
 Such as learn'd Athens, and bold Sparta knew,
 And from their ablest souldiers oft did ruse.
 Next to that Vice lay foule Impiety
 At large display'd, the cursed enemy
 Of natures best and holyest lawes ; through all
 Her loathsome denne unthankful vipers crawle,
 Above those stories were display'd, which show
 How much the Monarchy of Hell did owe
 For peoples wracke to that abhorred vice.
 There were *Mycenæ's* balefull tragedies,
 And all the woes that fatall Thebes had wrought.
 There false *Medea*, when away she brought
 Her owne betrayed countries spoiles, before
 Her weeping father *Oeta* piecemeale tore
 Her brother's limbes, and strew'd them ore the field.
 There with the same impiety she kill'd
 Her owne two sonnes, and through the aire apace
 By draggons drawne, she fled from *Jason's* face.
 There strong Alcathoe king Nifus towne
 By Scyllaes impious treason was orethrowne,
 And sack'd with fire and sword ; the wretched maide
 Had from her lofty sounding tower survey'd
 King Minos hoast, and doating on her faire
 Foes face, cut off her fathers purple haire.

Hen. II. B. I. V. 466.

by T. MAT.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

THUS Orpheus wanne his lost Eurydice,
 Whom some deaf snake, that could no musick heare,
 Or some blinde neut, that could no beautie see,
 Thinking to kisse, kill'd with his forked spear:
 He, when his plaints on earth were vainly spent,
 Down to Avernus river boldly went,
 And charm'd the meager ghosts with mournfull blandishment.

There what his mother, fair Calliope,
 From Phœbus harp and Muses spring had brought him,
 What sharpest grief for his Eurydice,
 And love redoubling grief had newly taught him,
 He lavisht out, and with his potent spell
 Bent all the rigorous powers of stubborn hell:
 He first brought Pitie down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

Th' amazed Shades came flocking round about,
 Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford:
 All hell came running there, (an hideous rout)
 And dropt a fileht tear for every word:
 The aged Ferrieman shov'd out his boat;
 But that without his help did thither float;
 And having ta'ne him in, came dancing on the moat.

The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,
 And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
 The fruit hung listning on the wondring bough,
 Forgetting hells command; but he (ah fool!)
 Forgot his starved taste, his eares to fill.
 Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still;
 But he was rapt as much with powerfull musicks skill.

Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
 And hop'd at length his labour done for ever:
 The vulture feeding on his pleasing mone,
 Glutted with musick, scorn'd grown Tityus liver:
 The Furies flung their snake whips away,
 And melt in tears at his enchanting lay,
 No shrieches now were heard; all hell kept holy-day.

That treble dog, whose voice ne're quiet, fears
 All that in endlesse nights sad kingdome dwell,
 Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning eares,
 With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
 And softly whining, piti'd much his wrongs;
 And now first silent at those dainty songs,
 Oft wisht himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

At length return'd with his Eurydice,
 But with this law, not to return his eyes,
 Till he was past the laws of Tartarie;
 (Alas! who gives love-laws in miseries?
 Love is love's law; love but to love is ti'd)
 Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spi'd,
 Ah wretch! Eurydice he saw, and lost, and di'd.

Purple Island, Cant. 5. Stan. 61. 67.

by P. FLETCHER.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

At the return of Spring, the Nightingale and Cuckow, disputing for the precedence in singing, agree to refer the matter to the decision of the Nymphs who inhabit the Bower of Bliss; they accordingly set out, and on their arrival we meet with the following description of the place,

WITH Philomel he tooke the ready way,
Which to the Bower of Blisse directly lay;
Where in the way they both amazed stood
To see the pleasure of that pleasant wood,
There many blisseful bowers they did behold;
Whose dwellers neither vex with heate nor cold
Did there enjoy all things, that might delight
The curious eye of any living wight:
For plenty there so lavish in her gift
Furnish each place in scorn of niggard thrift;
There many Nymphes of more then heavenly hew
Had their abode: although, alas! but few
Amongst them all did come of heavenly kind,
So hard it is to gaine the gifts of mind:
Yet stately portance, unto them was given
And in proportion like the states of heaven
They bare themselves: yet want both will and power
From Love's assault to shield fair beauties bower.
And more to beautifie the goodlie frames,
Which God and Nature gave these goodly dames,
Gentrie their cradles at their birth did rock
And drew their lineage from an ancient stock:
But what, alas! avails the vading flower
Of beauties bud in those, that have no power
To guide the least part of the weaker sence
And learne the lesson of pure continence?

Or what is birth to those, that so they winne
 The seeming sweetnes of alluring sinne?
 Bastard their birth, and all their stock deprave
 To gaine the thing which appetite doth crave:
 Beautie in such, though much, is but disgrace,
 And high born birth, though kingly, is but base.
 For faire is foule, where vertue is unknowne,
 And birth is base, where gifts of grace are none.
 From hence Dan Cuckow with faire Philomel
 (Acquainted with each passage very well)
 Forward proceeded in this pleasant wood
 Untill they came unto that place where stood
 The Bower of Bliss it selfe, so fairly deckt,
 That never eye beheld so faire aspect:
 In th' outer portch fate many a slick-hear'd squier
 Of pleasing semblance, full of loose desire,
 Of feature fit to feast a ladies eie;
 But manlie exercise unfit to trie:
 Their cunning did consist in sleights of love
 With which from loyaltie they oft did move
 Ladies fraile hearts: for unto many a one
 They vow'd themselves, though faithful unto none,
 Unto the secrets of the unchaite sheet
 They sworne were, an oath for such unmeet:
 For which their service oftentimes they fed
 On ransackt sweetnes of the nuptiall bed.
 Mongst these there was a squier of greatest place
 And chiefest held in that great ladies grace,
 Which dwelt in this same bower: for many a night
 With her he stole a snatch of Love's delight.
 Yet he was false, disloyall to his dame:
 For in his common talke devoid of shame
 He of his ladies favour was too francke,
 For which I can that Lover little thanke:
 He was the usher to this daintie dame
 And Vanitie men gave him unto name.
 The inner portch seem'd entrance to intice,
 It fashion'd was with such quaint rare device,

The top with cannopie of greene was spred
Thicken'd with leaves of th' Ivies wantonhed,
About the which the eglantine did twine
His prickling armes the branches to combine,
Bearing sweete flowers of more then fragrant odour,
Which stellified the roose with painted colour ;
On either side the vine did broad dilate
His swoollen veines with wreathings intricate,
Whose bunches to the ground did seemie t' incline,
As freely offering of their luscious wine :
Through this same portch went many a worthy wight
Unto the Bower of Bliss, both day and night,
Who at their entrance fresh and flush as May
Did bear themselves adorn'd in rich aray :
But few return'd without the common curse
Of strange disease of emptinesse of purse,
Who discontented with their sad mishap
Walkt to and fro, forlorne in deepe disdain
With willow braunch, for prise of all their paine.
From this same portch a walk directly lay,
Which to the Bower it selfe did leade the way
With fruit trees thicke beset on either side,
Whose goodly fruit themselves did seeme to hide
Beneath the leaves, as lurking from the eies
Of strangers greedie view, fearing surprise,
Whose arched bowes and leavie twigs together
With true loveknots intangled each in other,
Seem'd painted walles, on which when Zephire blew
They spread themselves, disclosing unto view
The blossomes, buds, the birds and painted flies,
That in their leaves lay hid from strangers eies ;
This walke of people never emptie was ;
For to the Bower of Bliss one could not passe :
But that the way did swarme with jetting jacks,
Who bare upon their French diseased backs,
Whole manners, castles, townes and Lordships solde
Cut out in clippings and in shreds of gold :

Their

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

9

Their chambering fortitude they did descrie
 By their soft maiden voice and flickering eie,
 Their womans manhood by their cloaths perfum'd,
 Coy lookes, curl'd lockes, and thin beards half consum'd,
 Whose nice, effeminate and base behaviour
 Was counted comely, neate and cleanly gesture;
 Passing forth, one loe there they did behold
 High lifted up with loftie rooofe of gold
 The Bower of Blisse, in which there did abide
 The Ladies selfe, that should their cause decide,
 On which the heavens still in a stedfast state
 Lookt alway blithe, diverting froward fate,
 Not suffering ycie frost, or scorching sunne
 To vex th' inhabitants, that there did wonne:
 For there eternall spring doth ever dwell,
 Ne they of other season ought can tell,
 They labour not with hands of industrie
 To furrow up the earthes fertilitie,
 Bubbles of sweate decline not from their brow,
 Ne stooping labour makes their backs to bow:
 Yet plentie of all fruits upon their ground
 Seedlesse and artlesse every where is found:
 Unto this Bower Dan Cuckow and his mate
 Approaching nigh, loe standing at the gate,
 Which framed was of purest ivorie,
 All painted ore with many a historie,
 So sweetly wrought, that arte in them did seeme
 To mocke at nature as of no esteeme,
 Eftsoones they heard a pleasing harmonie
 Of musikes most melodious minstrallie,
 Where sweet voic'd birds, soft winds and water's fall,
 With voice and violl made agreement all,
 The birds unto the voice did sweetly sing,
 The voice did speake unto the violls string,
 That to the wind did sound now high, now low,
 The wind to water's fall did gently blow.

The Cuckow. Lond. 1607. 4to. p. 6—11.
 by R. NICCOLS.

T H E

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

ERE long they came neere to a balefull Bowre,
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
 That gaping stood all comers to devoure,
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carkasses doth crave.

The ground no herbs, but venomous did beare,
 Nor ragged trees did leave, but every whear
 Dead bones, and skulls wear cast, and bodies hanged wear.

Upon the rooffe the bird of sorrowe sat
 Elongit g joyful day with her sad note,
 And through the shady aire, the fluttering bat
 Did wave her leather fayles, and blindly fote,
 While with her wings the fatal skreech owle smote
 Th' unbleffed house, thear, on a craggy stone,
 Celeno hung and made his direfull mone,
 And all about the murdered ghosts did shreek, and grone.

Like clowdie moonshine, in some shadowie grove,
 Such was the light in which Despaire did dwell,
 But he himfelf with night for darknes strove,
 His blacke uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
 About his face, through which, as brands of hell,
 Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glowe,
 That made him deadly looke, their glimpse did showe
 Like Cockatrices eyes, that sparks of poyfon throwe.

His cloaths wear ragged clouts, with thornes pin'd fast,
 And as he musing lay to stonie fright
 A thousand wilde Chimera's would him cast :
 As when a fearefull dreame, in mid't of night,
 Skips to the braine, and phanxies to the fight
 Some winged furie, straight the hasty foot,
 Eger to flie, cannot plucke up his root,
 The voyce dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

Now he would dreame that he from heaven fell,
 And then would snatch the ayre, afraid to fall ;
 And now he thought he sinking was to hell,
 And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall
 Him seemed hell, and then he out would crawle,
 And ever as he crept, would squint aside,
 Lest him, perhaps, some Furie had espide,
 And then, alas, he should in chaines for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunke, and stole away,
 Ne ever durst to drawe his breath for feare,
 Till to the doore he came, and thear he lay
 Panting for breath, as though he dying were,
 And still he thought, he felt their craples teare
 Him by the heels back to his ougly denne,
 Out faine he would have leapt abroad, but then
 The heav'ns as hell, he fear'd, that punish't guilty men.

Christ's Victorie,

by G. FLETCHER. Cambridge Edit. 1610.

Cant. 2. 23—28.

DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

WHERE Plym and Thamar with imbraces meet,
 Thetis weighs ancor now, and all her fleet;
 Leaving that spacious found *, within whose armes
 I have those vessels seene, whose hote alarmes
 Have made Iberia tremble, and her towres
 Prostrate themselves before our iron showres.
 While their proud builders hearts have been inclynde
 To shake (as our brave ensignes) with the wynde.
 For as an Eyerie from their seeges wood,
 Led o're the playnes and taught to get their foode
 By seeing how their breeder takes his prey
 Now from an orchard doe they scare the Jey,
 Then ore the corne-fields as they swiftly flye,
 Where many thousand hurtfull sparrows lye
 Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,
 At their approach, all overgone with feare
 Seeke for their safety; some into the dyke,
 Some in the hedges drop, and others like
 The thicke-grown corne; as for their hiding best,
 And under turfes or grasse most of the rest,
 That of a flight which cover'd all the graine,
 Not one appeares, but all or hid or slaine:
 So by Heröes were we led of yore,
 And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,
 Stroke with amazement, countries farre and neere;
 Whilst their inhabitants like heards of deere,

* Plymouth.

By

By kingly Lyons chas'd, fled from our armes.
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
Of men immayl'd; Fate drew them on to be
A greater fame to our got victory.
But now our Leaders want, those vessels lye
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy flood,
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,
Some wearyed crow is set; and daily scene
Their sides, instead of pitch, calk'd ore with Greene:
Ill hap, (alas!) have you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by Iberia sowne
By bringing yealow sheaves from out their plaine,
Making our barnes the store-house for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our uselesse souldiers fill:
Upon the hatches where half-pikes were borne
In every chinke rise stems of bearded corne:
Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,
Or putting us in minde what once they brought us,
Bear with me, Shepherds, if I doe digresse,
And speake of what ourselves doe not professe:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his shield
More darts than ever Romane†; that hath spent
Many a cold December, in no tent
But such as earth and heaven make; that hath bene
Except in iron plates not long time scene;
Upon whose body may be plainly told
More wounds than his lanke purse doth almes-deeds hold;
O can I see this man, adventring all,
Be onely graced with some poore hospitall,
Or may be worse, intreating at his doore
For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,

• M. Scév.

And

And yet not shew my griefe? first may I learne
 To see and yet forget how to discerne;
 My hands neglectful be at any need
 Or to defend my body or to feed,
 Ere I respect those times that rather give him
 Hundreds to punish, then one to relieve him.

Britannia's Pastorals. B. 2. Song 4.
 by W. BROWNE, Thomp. Ed.

THE POET CONDUCTED BY SORROW
 TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

BUT loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
 We passed on with steps and pace unmeete,
 A rumbling rore confus'd with howle and barke
 Of dogs, shooke all the ground under our feete,
 And strooke the din within our eares so deepe,
 As halfe distraught unto the ground I fell,
 Besought returne, and not to visit hell.

But she forthwith uplifting mee apace
 Remov'd my dread, and with a stedfast minde,
 Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
 The place where we our travailes end should finde.
 Wherewith I rose, and to the place assingde
 Aftond I stalkt, when straight we approached neere
 The dreadfull place, that you will dread to heare.

An hideous hole all vaste, withouten shape,
Of endlesse depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and grievly sawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.

Heere entred we, and yeeding forth, anone
A dreadfull lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Averne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish growes,
With foule black swelth in thickned lumps that lies,
Which up in th' aire such stinking vapours throwes
That over there, may fie no fowle but dies,
Choakt with the noysome favours that arise.

Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the porch and jawes of hell
Sate Deepe Remorse of conscience, all besprent
With teares: and to herselfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednesse, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as she that all in vaine
Would weare and waste continually in paine.

Her eyes unstedfast rolling here and there,
Whurl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadfull cheere, and lookes throwne to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shooke,
With foote uncertaine profered here and there,
Benum'd of speech, and with a ghastly looke
Searcht every place all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne up with staring of his heare,
Soynd and amaz'd at his owne shade for dreed,
And fearing greater dangers then was need.

And

And next within the entrie of this lake
 Sate fell Revenge gnashing her teeth for ire,
 Devising meanes how she may vengeance take,
 Never in rest till she have her desire :
 But frets within so far forth with the fire
 Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
 To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloudie foule pretence
 Had shew'd herself as next in order set,
 With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
 Till in our eyes an other sight we met :
 When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
 Ruing alas upon the wofull plight
 Of Miserie, that next appear'd in fight.

His face was leane, and some deale pin'd away,
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
 But what his bodie was I cannot say,
 For on his carkas rayment had he none,
 Save clouts and patches pieced one by one,
 With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
 His chiefe defence against the winter's blast.

His food for most, was wilde fruits of the tree,
 Unlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,
 Which in his wallet long God wot kept he,
 As one the which full daintily would faire.
 His drinke the running streame: his cup the bare
 Of his palme clofde, his bed the hard colde ground,
 To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
 With tender ruth on him and on his feeres,
 In thoughtful cares, forth then our pace we held:
 And by and by, an other shape appeeres
 Of greedie Care, still brushing up the breers,
 His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented in,
 With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
 To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,
 When he is up and to his worke yrun.
 But let the nights blacke mistie mantles rise,
 And with fowl darke never so much disguise
 The faire bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
 But hath his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heavie Sleepe cosin of Death
 Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
 A very corps, save yeelding forth a breath.
 Small keeps tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,
 Or whom she lifted up into the throne
 Of high renowne, but as a living death,
 So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quiet of the hart,
 The traviles ease, the still nights feere was he.
 And of our life in earth the better part,
 Rever of fight, and yet in whom we see
 Things oft that tide, and oft that never bee.
 Without respect esteeming equally
 King Cræsus pompe, and Irus povertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
 His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
 With drouping cheere still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where nature him assign'd
 To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
 His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
 Rew with himselfe his end approaching fast,
 And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
 With sweete remembrance of his pleasures past,
 And fresh delights of lustie youth forewaft.

Recounting which, how would he sob and shreek?
 And to be yong againe of Jove beseeke.

But, and the cruell fates so fixed be,
 That time forepast cannot returne againe,
 This one request of Jove yet prayed he:
 That in such withred plight, and wretched paine,
 As Eld, (accompanied with lothsome traine)
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
 He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soone descend into the pit:
 Where Death, when he the mortall corps hath flaine,
 With wretchlesse hand in grave doth cover it,
 Thereafter never to enjoy againe
 The gladsome light, but in the ground ylainc,
 In depth of darknesse waste and weare to nought,
 As he had nere into the world been brought.

But who had seene him, fobbing how he stood
 Unto himselfe, and how he would bemone
 His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
 To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
 He would have musde and marvail'd much whereon
 This wretched Age should life desire so faine,
 And knowes fal wel life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, toothshaken, and blere-eyde,
 Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fourc,
 With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,
 His scalpe all pil'd, and he with eld forlore:
 His withred fist still knocking at Death's dore,
 Fumbling and driveling as he drawes his breath,
 For brieve, the shape, and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,
 Sore sicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
 Bereft of stomacke, savour, and of taste,
 Ne could she brooke no meate but broths alone.
 Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
 Abhorring her, her sicknesse past recure,
 Detesting physicke, and all physickes cure.

But oh the dolefull sight that then we see,
We turn'd our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedie lookes, and gaping mouth that cried,
And roar'd for meate as she should there have died,
Her bodie thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawne on every where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares, to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vaine:
When all for nought she faide would so sustaine
Her starven corps, that rather seem'd a shade,
Then any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stonewall could not stay,
Her tearing nailes snatching at all she saw:
With gaping jawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be satisf'd from hunger of her mawe,
But eates herselfe as she that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas! her carcase all in vaine,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vaine.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a driery sight,
Loe suddenly she shrinkt in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiver with the might,
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it to reave her of her breath.

And by and by a dumbe dead corps we saw,
Heavie and cold, the shape of death aright,
That dants all earthly creatures to his law:
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight.
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
Ne Towne, ne Realmes, Cities, ne strongest Tower,
But all perforce must yeeld unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
 And in his hand (a dreadfull fight to see)
 With great triumph eftsoones the same he shooke,
 That most of all my feares affrayed mee.
 His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,
 The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
 All save the flesh, the sinow, and the vaine.

Lastly stood Warre in glittering armes yclad,
 With visage grim, sterne looks, and blackely hewed,
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,
 That to the hilts was all with blood embrued:
 And in his left (that King and Kingdomes rued)
 Famine and fire he held, and there withall
 He raced townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Cities he sackt, and Realms that whilome flowered
 In honor, glorie, and rule above the best
 He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devoured,
 Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted and never ceast,
 Till he their wealth, their name and all opprest.
 His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side
 There hung his targ, with gashes deepe and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there we found
 Deadly Debate, all full of snakie heare,
 That with a bloodie fillet was ybound,
 Out breathing nought but discord every where.
 And round about were portrai'd herre and there
 The hugie hosts, Darius and his power,
 His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower;

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
 With deepe slaughter, despoiling all his pride,
 Pierst through his Realmes, and danted all his might.
 Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
 In Canna's field, victor how he did ride,
 And wofull Romans that in vaine withstood,
 And Consul Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet saw I more, the fight at Trafimene,
 And Treberie field, and eke when Hannibal
 And worthie Scipio, last in armes were sene
 Before Carthago gate, to trie for all
 The world's empire, to whom it should befall.
 There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in armes,
 Their hosts allied and all their civill harmes.

With conquerers hands forbath'd in their owne blood,
 And Cæsar weeping over Pompey's head.
 Yet saw I Scilla and Marius where they stood,
 Their great crueltie, and the deepe bloodshed
 Of friends: Cyrus I saw and his host dead,
 And how the Queene with great despite hath slong
 His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes the Persian King yet saw I there,
 With his huge host that dranke the rivers drie,
 Dismounted hilles, and made the vales upre,
 His host and all yet saw I slaine perdie.
 Thebes I saw all rac'd how it did lie
 In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoile,
 With walles and towers flat evened with the soile.

But Troy alas (methought) above them all,
 It made mine eyes in very teares consume:
 When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
 That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
 And Jove's unmoved sentence and foredoome
 On Priam King, and on his towne so bent,
 I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more, sith dest'ny was so sterne
 As force perforce, there might no force availe,
 But she must fall: and by her fall we learne,
 That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quaille,
 No manhood, might, nor nothing mought prevaile,
 All were there prest full many a Prince and Peere,
 And many a Knight that sold his death full deere.

Not worthie Hector worthiest of them all,
 Her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought :
 O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
 The hugie horse within thy walles is brought :
 Thy turrets fall, thy Knights that whilome fought
 In armes amid the field, are flaine in bed,
 Thy gods defil'd, and all thy honor dead.

The flames uprising, cruelly they creepe
 From wall to rooffe, till all to cinders wast,
 Some fire the the houses where the wretches sleepe,
 Some rush in heere, some run in there as fast.
 In every where, or sword or fire they tast.

 The wals are torne, the towers whurl'd to the ground,
 There is no mischiefe but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
 From Pallis house, with spercled tresse undone,
 Her wrists fast bound, and with Greekes rout empaled ;
 And Priam eke in vaine how he did runne
 To armes, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done
 To cruel death, and bath'd him in the baine
 Of his sonnes blood before the altar flaine.

But how can I describe the dolefull fight,
 That in the shield so lively faire did shine ?
 Sith in this world I thinke was never wight
 Could have set forth the halfe, not halfe so fine.
 I can no more but tell how there is seene
 Faire Ilium fall in burning red gledes down,
 And from the soile great Troy Neptunus towne,

Here from, when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw
 That fil'd with teares as doth the springing well,
 We passed on so far forth till we saw
 Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell,
 That boyles and bubs up swelth as blacke as hell,
 Where grieslie Charon at their fixed tide
 Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side,

The aged God no sooner Sorrow spied,
 But hasting straight unto the bancke apace,
 With hollow call unto the rout he cried,
 To swarve apart, and give the Goddesse place.
 Straight it was done, when to the shoare we pace,
 Where hand in hand as wee then linked fast,
 Within the boate wee are together plaste.

And forth we lanch full fraughted to the brinke,
 When with th' unwonted waight, the rusty keele
 Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
 We hoise up mast and saile, that in a while
 We fet the shoare, where scarcely we had while
 For to arrive, but that we heard anone
 A three sound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we saw
 Blacke Cerberus the hideous hound of hell,
 With bristles rear'd, and with a three-mouth'd jaw,
 Foreinning th' aire with his horrible yell.
 Out of the deepe darke cave where he did dwell,
 The Goddesse straight he knew, and by and by
 He peast and couched, while that we past by.

Thence come we to the horrou and the hell,
 The large greate Kingdomes, and the dreadful raigae
 Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
 The wide waste places, and the hugie plaine :
 The wailings, shrikes, and sundry sorts of paine :
 The sighs, the sobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
 Earth, aire, and all, resounding plaint and moane,

Thence did we passe the three-fold emperie
 To th' utmost bounds, where Radamanthus raignes,
 Where proud folke waile there woefull miserie,
 Where dreadfull din of thousand dragging chaines,
 And balefull shriekes of ghosts in deadly paines
 Tortur'd eternally are heard most brim,
 Through silent shades of night so darke and dim.

From hence upon our way we forward passe,
 And through the groves and uncoth paths we goe,
 Which leade unto the Cyclops walles of brasse :
 And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe ,
 Which parts the gladfome fields from place of woe,
 Whence none shall ever passe t' Elizium plaine,
 Or from Elizium ever turne againe.

With Sorrow for my guide, as there I stood,
 A troope of men the most in armes bedight,
 In tumult clusterd 'bout both sides the flood :
 'Mongst whom, who were ordain'd t' eternall night,
 Or who to blissefull peace and sweet delight
 I wot not well, it seem'd that they were all
 Such as by death's untimely stroke did fall.

Some headlesse were, some body, face and hands,
 With shamefull wounds despoil'd in every part :
 Some strangled, some that dide in captive bands,
 Some smothered, drown'd, some stricken through the hart
 With fatall steele, all drown'd in deadly smart :
 Of hastned death, with shrikes, sobs, sighs and teares,
 Did tell the woes of their forepassed yeares.

We staid us straight, and with a rufull feare,
 Beheld this heavie fight, while from mine eies
 The vapored teares downe stilled here and there,
 And Sorrow eke in far more wofull wise,
 Tooke on with plaint, up heaving to the skies
 Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout,
 Can all in heapes to swarme us round about.

Induction to the Mirour for Magistrates,

260—270 p. Lond. 1610. Ed. 4to.

by SACKVILLE, Lord BUCKHURST.

BATTLE

BATTLE OF CRESSY,

KING Philip follow'd by the bravest hoast
 That ere before the Realme of France could boast,
 In confidence of conquest to succeed,
 And to revenge the late disgrace, with speed
 (Although advis'd at Abbeville to stay
 And rest his army) marches thence away.
 Thou sweetest Muse of all th' Aonian Spring,
 Faire-hair'd Calliope, that best canst sing
 Of Kings high deeds, and God-like Heroes fames
 Declare King Philip's power, recite the names
 Of all (beside the native chevalry
 Of France, and flower of her nobility)
 The forraigne landes, that shar'd in that great day,
 And Royall Princes that did there display
 Their dreadfull colours in the ayd of France,
 And forward thence to Crescy field advance.
 Within the van, with Charles of Alanfon,
 The royall banner of Bohemia shone,
 With which did Lodowicke her old Martiall King
 His furious horse, and well-try'd lances bring.
 His glittering plume, that many an honour'd field
 Had knowne, and many a dreadfull fight beheld,
 Wav'd there unhappily, ordaind to be
 A lasting fame to Edward's victory.
 Along with him march'd Charles his princely Sonne;
 For whom the Fates a fairer thread had spunne,

Sav'd,

Sav'd, to preserve the name, and ancient stemme,
 And after weare th' Imperiall Diadem.
 Thither from farre Majorca's Monarch brings
 His light-arm'd Souldiers, from whose fatall slings
 As from strong bowes, death's carried; nor of yore
 Were Cretan shafts or Parthian feared more.
 With fiftene thousand mortall crossebowes there
 The stout Grimaldi and Antonio were
 Two noble chieffes from stately Genoa,
 Whose Gallies had in many a navall fray
 Against proud Venice wrastled long to gaine
 The rule of all the Midland Ocean.
 Stout John of Heinault to King Philip's side
 His forces brings, although so neere ally'd
 To England's King (as Uncle to the Queene)
 And had by Edward highly honour'd beene.
 He now had chang'd his faith, and for the gold
 Of France, his mercenary valour sold.
 There march those warlike Flemmings, that attend
 Their Earle of Flanders, Lewis, a constant friend
 To France: but no strong number could he get,
 Nor ore his subjects was his power so great.
 They honour'd Edward's worth, and to his side
 Had beene, without their Earles consent, ally'd.
 There Charles of Blois leads on his martiall traine
 In glittering armour: Bourbon, and Lorraine.
 To whom, whilest all the army march'd away,
 Brings Savoy's Duke a thousand men of armes,
 Whom from the lofty Alps the loud alarmes
 Of this great warre had drawne with dismall fate,
 Too soone (alas) arriv'd, though seeming late.
 How many men does Fortune bring from farre
 Their parts to suffer in this tragicke warre?
 How many Lands their severall shares of woe
 Must contribute to Philip's overthrow?
 Perchance cause Edward will his force advance
 No farther then the continent of France

She fear'd his fame would be no farther knowne,
But circumscrib'd where the deed was done :
Nor therefore suffers France to bleed alone.
The sad Bohemian wives that live upon
Great Albis bankes, and drinke faire Molae's streame,
Must make this battell their lamented theame.
Those that beyond the clouded Alpes doe dwell,
And Netherlanders shall be forc'd to tell
Great Edward's honor, while their owne deere wound;
They count, received on Crescye's fatall grounds.

While thus the French march on in rich array,
In Crescy parke encamp'd Edward lay :
His firme Battalia on well chosen ground
Was clos'd behinde, and barricado'd round
With strongest fences made by plashing trees,
And placing there the weightyest carriages.
Thither were all the Leaders horses brought
To cut off hope of flight, and leave no thought
In English breasts but Death or Victory.
Their resolutions, that before were high,
By this strict meanes were more ascertain'd there,
Their minds were cheerfull, fresh their bodies were,
And fit t' encounter their approaching foes.
In three Battalias does the King dispose
His strength, which all in ready order stand
And to each other's rescue neere at hand.
The first in ranke, that early blooming flower
Of fame, Prince Edward leads, a Warriour,
Before a man ; no downe had cloath'd his chinne,
Nor seventeen springs had this young souldier seene.
Within his battel famous Leaders are,
Brave Warwicke, Stafford, Harcourt, Delaware,
There Beauchampe, Bouchier, Clifford, Chandois weild
Their active armes, whom many an honourd field
Had fam'd before : the second squadron by
Northampton's Earle was led : there Willoughby,

There

There Arundell, Lord Rosse, and Bassett stand,
 Men that could well obey, and well command.
 Within the third King Edward meanes to fight :
 The great French Army now approach'd their sight.
 Darke grew the troubled ayre, as if it strove
 Within the souldiers furious breasts to move
 A sad presage of what would then ensue,
 Nor longer could the golden Phœbus shew
 His cheerefull face : the lightning's flashy light
 And loudest claps of thunder 'gan affright
 The darkned welkin ; which in teares apace
 Dissolv'd, to fall upon the tragicke place.
 An other darknesse more protentous rose
 Ore both the amazed camps, whole sholes of Crowes
 And croaking Ravens, that obscure the skye
 From all the neighbouring fields to Crescy flye,
 (As thicke as Cranes in winter, that forsake,
 To drinke warme Nile, the frozen Strymon's lake)
 And muster there themselves, in hopes to prey
 Upon the slaughter of so great a day.
 From these ostents are deepe impressions wrought ;
 The souldiers fancies, as each breast is fraught
 With passions various, variously surmise ;
 Presaging murmurs through all parts arise.
 In some the thirst of fight encreast, in some
 Appeard the palenesse of a death to come.
 Yet none so much on their own danger thought
 As they divin'd, after this field was fought,
 About their Kings and Nations changed fate :
 Nor had they time to feare their private state.
 Twixt both the Marshalls one on either side,
 Throug^h every battell did gread Edward ride.
 Whose royall presence with fresh vigour fill'd,
 The souldiers cheereful bosomes, and exil'd
 Even from the coldest hearts all thoughts of feare,
 No long perswasive Oratory there

Did that short time afford, or Edward need;
Few exhortations serv'd, that did proceed
From such a Prince. He briefly bids them crowne
That day, their Nations honour and their owne;
And sets before the common souldiers eyes
How great, how glorious was their valour's prize,
How many Princes wealthy spoyles would be
The recompence of that dayes victory.

But when approaching Philip had beheld
His English foes embattell'd in the field,
And that the warre admitted no delay,
He vainly joy'd to see the wish'd-for day,
That might redeeme the honour France had lost,
And strait drew on his rich and numerous host,
In which so many severall Nations fought
By their owne Soveraignes there in person brought.
And now those forraigne Princes every where
With fitting language briefly 'gan to cheere
Their armed subjects: "that in this daye's fight
As well their Countries honour, as the right,
Of Philip lay; that all great France would fame
And thanke their conquering hands; how great a shame
It were for them to shrink in such a warre,
To which for honour they had come so farre,
And left their dearest pledges, whom if they
Again would see, it in their valours lay."
But most does Philip his French troops excite,
As most of all engaged in the fight
"By nature's lawes, and all the love they beare
To their deare native soyle, whose freedome there
Or shamefull conquest into question came;
That 'twas a stain already to the name
Of France, a petty king that claime durst make,
Or their great kingdome's conquest undertake.
Which they must wipe off by their valours now,
And for his pride chastise th' ambitious foe;
That easie 'twas to doe, since Edward's power
So few in number, not one hand 'gainst foure

Of fighting men, was able there to show :
 And to revenge their fellow souldiers now,
 Who neere to Sluce, on Neptune's watery maine
 Had beene before by English Edward slaine."
 With such like speeches all their hearts are fir'd,
 And now a signall every where desir'd.
 Which given, on both sides a loud shout arose,
 And Death began to deale his fatall blowes.
 Farre off at first his winged message flies,
 While the strong-armed English Archer plyes
 His bloody taske ; while Genoan crosse-bowes backe
 Returne their fury, and the ayre growes blacke
 With shafts, as erst with winged fowle it did.
 The English Vangard which Prince Edward led,
 Rank'd in the figure of an herse came on.
 Gainst which the furious Charles of Alanfon
 King Philip's brother, with Bohemia's King,
 The strength of all the Chevalry did bring.
 But ere the horse came on in full carriere,
 The Genoan crosse-bowes, that stood formost, were
 To powre their stormes of furie on the foe.
 But there began the fatall overthrow
 Of that huge army : for the late great fall
 Of raine (although it did no hurt at all
 To th' English bow-strings) spoild the Genoans quite,
 And made their crosse-bowes uselesse in the fight.
 Who weary'd with their morning's march so farre,
 And griev'd with disrespect, had tane no care
 How to preserve their strings which seeing, " On,
 " On, Chevaliers," cryes hot Count Alanfon,
 " And o'er yon lazy Genoans bellies make
 " Your way to victory ; let souldiers take
 " The van from uselesse breasts." With that they ride
 Upon them furiously : by their owne side
 The wretched Genoans are trod downe and slaine.
 But nothing by that act the horsemen gaine :
 For o'er their bodies some are tumbled downe,
 The rest that stand, in that confusion

Are

Are gall'd with arrowes, that uncessant flye
From th' English fresh and gallant archery,
Which did almost the whole battalia rout.
The whiles the dying Genoans round about
Might see, before their latest gaspe of breath,
Their owne revenge wrought in the horsemen's death
And for the wrong, which their owne side did doe,
Are quickly righted by the valiant foe.

But loth farre off t'endure the archer's force
Count Alanfon with his approaching horse
Within Prince Edward's battell strives to bring
The fight: and thither the old Bohemian King
With his brave troope does even ranked ride,
Whose reins are all fast to each other ty'd,
As if they meant to mow the enemy
By squadrons downe. So chained bullets flye
And sweepe a field, as those Bohemian horse
Close-link'd together came. And now their force
Within the archers formost ranke had got,
There the encounter growes more closely hot;
There battell-axes, swords, and lances stand;
There foot to foot, and furious hand to hand
The men at armes maintaine a constant warre.
And now Prince Edward's battell too too farre
Began to be opprest; to succour whom
The second battell of the English come,
In which with other Lords Northampton stood;
And all too little in this scene of blood
That succour seems to be. Up to the hill
On which King Edward with his battell still
Untouch'd, kept stand, the Lords have sent to crave
Ayd for the Prince in this sad storme; but have
This answer (past their expectation) made:
" While hee's alive send not to me for ayd;
" 'Tis he must weare this honour, nor will I
" Be Edward's rivall in the victory;

" Or

“ Or feare so much his danger, to step in
“ And seize those bayes, which he alone will winne.”
From this heroicke answer of a King,
In every bosom did fresh vigour spring.
That answer might have wrought despairing feare ;
But that young Edward and the nobles there
The worth and wisdom of the King did know,
And he their spirits whom he sent it to.
Now does the day grow blacker than before ;
The swords that glisterd late, in purple gore
Now all distain’d, their former brightness lose :
Whilest high the tragicke heape of slaughter rose.
Swords meeting swords, and breaking lances found,
Clattering of armed breasts that fall to ground,
And dying souldiers groans are only heard,
Horror in all her saddest shapes appeard.
But long the fury of a storme so strong
Could not endure, nor Fortune waver long
In such a tryall ; but at last must show
Which way her favours were decreed to goe.
The English swords with slaughter reeking all
At last had carved in the Frenchmens fall
Their way to victory ; who now apace
Are beaten downe, and strewe the purple place ;
Where like their owne pale fading lillies, lye
The flower of all the French Nobility.
There Alanfon, striving to cure in vaine
The wound of France, is beaten downe and flaine.
There dyes Majorca’s King, who from his home
So farre had fail’d to find a forraigne tombe,
And dearly that alliance, (which he thought
So safe to him) in this fierce battell bought.
Lewis Earle of Flanders, that to Philip’s state
Had been so constant a confederate,
Whom no conditions to King Edward’s side,
Could ever draw, on Edwards weapons dy’d,

Sealing in blood his truth to France, to lye
 A wailed part of her calamity.
 There Savoy's Duke the noble Amy lay
 Weltring in gore, arriv'd but yesterday
 At Philip's haplesse campe, as short an ayd
 As Rhæsus prov'd to falling Troye, betray'd
 The first sad night, and by Tydides hand
 Slaine, ere his steeds had graz'd on Trojan land,
 Or drunke at all of Xanthus silver streame.
 But most the warrelike Monarch of Boheme
 Old Lewis was fam'd, who on that honour'd ground
 Chain'd to the foremost of his troops was found,
 And charging at the head of all was slaine.
 His cold dead hand did yet that sword retaine
 Which living erst it did so bravely wield.
 His hopefull sonne young Charles had left the field
 When he perceiv'd that Fortune quite was gone
 To Edward's side, his Father's blood alone
 Was too too great a sacrifice to be
 Bestow'd on France : whose dying valiancy
 Made all men more desire his sonne to live,
 And that the branch of such a tree might thrive,
 There was the noble Bourbon, there Lorraine,
 Aumall, Nevers, and valiant Harcourt slaine.

In vaine had Philip now (whose princely soule
 In all those deaths did bleed) strive to controll
 By highest valour, what the Fates would doe.
 Wounds not in mind alone, but body too
 (Unhorsed twice) did th' active King receive.
 As much asham'd no blood at all to leave
 In such a field, although enforc'd to part
 Himself from thence ; at last his struggling heart
 Is to necessity content to yeeld;
 And flies with speed from that unhappy field.
 With whom the Frenchmen all the fight forsake,
 And o're the countrey fight disorder'd take.

By this had Night her sable mantle spread
 Upon the earth, by whose protection fled
 The vanquish'd French with more security.
 A most compleat and glorious victory
 The English had obtain'd; yet would not now
 Dis-ranke themselves to chase the flying foe.
 But in that field, which they alone possesst,
 Resolve to give their weary'd bodies rest,
 Till morning's light display those wealthy spoyles,
 That must reward the conquering souldiers toyles.

Now great King Edward from the Windmill Hill
 Came downe, where his untouch'd Battalia still
 Had stood, till all the fight below was done,
 And in his armes embrac'd his armed sonne,
 Who now with blood and sweat was all distain'd;
 Then gratulates his early honour gain'd
 In such a field of danger, joy'd to see
 His blooming yeares thus flushed in victory.
 Well did that day presage the future glory
 And martiall fame of this great Prince, whose story
 With admiration after-times shall heare
 Like miracles his conquests shall appeare
 In France atchiev'd; nor shall that kingdome bound
 His sword's great deeds; whose fame shall farther sound,
 And royall trophees of Blacke Edward's praise
 Beyond the Pyrenæan mountaines raise.

The Reigne of Edw. 3.
 Ed. 1635—Book 3.

THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

THRICE, oh thrice happie Shepherd's life and state,
When Courts are happineſſe unhappie pawns!
His cottage low, and ſafely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her ſcorns and fawns:
No feared treaſon breaks his quiet ſleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himſelf as innocent as are his ſimple ſheep.

No Seriah worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their ſilken lives; nor ſilken pride:
His lambes warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture di'd:
No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But ſweet content exiles both miſerie and ſpite.

Instead of muſick and baſe flattering tongues,
Which wait to firſt ſalute my Lord's upriſe;
The cheerfull lark wakes him with early ſongs,
And birds ſweet whiſtling notes unlock his eyes:
In countrey playes is all the ſtriſe he uſes,
Or ſing, or dance unto the rurall Muſes;
And but in muſicks ſports, all difference reſuſes.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content :
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tides rage is spent :
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothfull ease:
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yeelds safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithfull spouse hath place :
His little sonne into his bosome creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :
Never his humble house or state torment him ;
Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him.
And when he dies green turfs with grassie tombe content him.

12 Cant. Purple Island.

St. 3—6.

by PH. FLETCHER. Ed. 1633.

MORTIMER

MORTIMER, Earl of MARCH, the Murderer of EDWARD the II^d. and the favourite of his Queen ISABELLA, is surpris'd in the Castle of Nottingham, and taken prisoner by King EDWARD the III^d.

WITHOUT the Castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;
By architects to serve the Castle made,
When as the Danes this Island did invade.

Now on along the cranking path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up an other way,
Rising towards day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the Castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the King, with a selected crew
 Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
 Which he affected to the action knew,
 And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
 That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
 And with those treasons that had not been tainted,
 Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
 To rouse the beast which kept them all at bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
 To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
 To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,
 And cool the fervor of his glowing face;
 And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
 Into the West went after him apace,
 Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
 To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
 Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
 With the reflection that their armour gave,
 As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
 Which, striving there preheminece to have,
 Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
 That each confounding other, both appear,
 As darkness light, and light but darkness were,

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
 Made as their passage they would have deny'd,
 And threat'ned them their journey to foreflow,
 As angry with the path that was their guide,
 And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
 To the vile hand that did them first divide;
 Whose cumbr'ous falls and risings seem'd to say,
 So ill an action could not brook the day.

And

And by the lights, as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their back,
Where, like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, so were they, ugly black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack ;
 Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd,
 At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were warring with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide ;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
 And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
 As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
And to her chamber is the Queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice Musician plays and sings,
While she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
That any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
 Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer,
 Whose voice, more than the musick, pleas'd her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus's swans and milky doves were set
Upon whose swelling mounts of driven snow ;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go ;
 But with those banks of beauty set about,
 He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (a word, too base !
 Nay, more than fin, but so to name her hair)
 Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
 No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
 Nor ever was there epithet could grace,
 That, by much praising which we must impair ;
 And where the pen fails, pencils cannot shew it,
 Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
 The Gods pure scepters and the darts of Love,
 That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
 Or might great Atlas from his seat remove ;
 So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
 As she had worn a lilly for a glove ;
 As might beget life where was never none,
 And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood ; the light perfume,
 Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
 As ev'ry thing did to itself assume
 The scent from them, and make the same their own ;
 So that the painted flowers within the room
 Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown ;
 The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
 And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
 And from one piece they to another run,
 Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes,
 Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was done ;
 How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,
 This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
 The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
 And in that art a thousand curious things ;

Looking

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,
 The gentle Queen did much bewail his fall ;
 But Mortimer commended his desire,
 To lose one poor life, or to govern all :
 " What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire.
 " And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall ;
 " Yet in despight, when she her worst had done,
 " He perish'd in the chariot of the sun."

" Phoebus (she said) was over-forc'd by art,
 " Nor could she find how that embrace could be :"
 But Mortimer then took the painter's part :
 " Why thus bright Empress, thus and thus, (quoth he :)
 " That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart ;
 " Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see :
 " Now are you Phoebus, Hyacinthus I ;
 " It were a life thus every hour to die."

When by that time, into the Castle-hall
 Was rudely enter'd that well armed rout,
 And they within suspecting nought at all
 Had then no guard to watch for them without :
 See how mischances suddenly do fall,
 And steal upon us, being farth'ft from doubt !
 Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
 And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
 To the bright Queen that ever waited near,
 Two with great March much credit that had won,
 That in the lobby with the ladies were,
 Staying delight, whilst time away did run
 With such discourse as women love to hear ;
 Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,
 Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When,

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cliffs,
 Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rd's her preying hour,
 Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
 And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'r,
 Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
 (The fearful fowl all prostrate to her power :)
 Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the vault,
 Made by the women at the fierce assault.

Unarm'd was March (she only in his arms)
 Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows
 Who least of all suspected such alarms,
 And to be so encounter'd by his foes.
 When he was most improvident of harms.
 O, had he had but weapons to his woes !
 Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
 Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

But there about him looking for the King,
 Whom he suppos'd his judgment could not miss ;
 Which when he found, by his imagining,
 Of those most perfect lineaments of his :
 Quoth he, " The man that to thy crown did bring
 " Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for this ;
 " And in this place, the least of all the rest
 " Where only sacred Solitude is blest.

" Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,
 " Whose god-like greatness makes the place divine ;
 " And canst thou, King, thus countermand her will,
 " Who gave to thee the power that now is thine,
 " And in her arms in safety kept thee still,
 " As in a most inviolated shrine ?
 " Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,
 " And thus profane these sacred liberties ?"

But

But e'vn as when old Ilion was surpriz'd,
 The Grecian's issuing from the wooden horse,
 Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
 Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
 Putting in act what was before devis'd,
 Without all human pity or remorse;
 Ev'n so they did, with whose confused sound
 Words were not heard, and poor complaints were drown'd.

Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him : (O tears,
 Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch ;)
 To weep with her, the hard wall scarce forbears,
 The wofull words she uttered were such,
 Able to wound th' impenetrablest ears,
 Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much :
 And to the king, when she at last had come,
 Thus to him spake, though he to her were dumb.

“ Dear Son, quoth she, let not his blood be spilt,
 “ So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown ;
 “ In all his life can there be found that guilt ?
 “ Think of his love, on which thou once should'st frown :
 “ 'Twas he thy feat that so substantial built,
 “ Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking down ;
 “ 'Twas he the means that first for thee did find,
 “ To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.

“ Ev'n for the love thou bear'st to that deer blood,
 “ From which (my Son) thou didst receive thy life,
 “ Play not the niggard in so small a good,
 “ With her to whom thy bounties should be rife,
 “ Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast stood :
 “ O, let my up-held hands appease this strife !
 “ Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,
 “ Without thy pity be but vainly spent.”

When

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,
 Whilst ev'ry one for safety fought about,
 And none regarded to maintain the light,
 Which being over-wasted, was gone out,
 It being then the mid-time of the night,
 Ere they could quit the Castle of the rout ;
 The Queen alone (at least, if any near,
 They were her women, almost dead with fear :)

When horror, darkness, and her inward woe,
 Began to work on her afflicted mind,
 Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,
 As they would do their utmost in their kind ;
 And as then those, she need no other foe,
 Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,
 To rack her conscience (by their torture due)
 Itself t' accuse of whatsoe'er it knew.

O God ! (thought she) is yet an hour scarce past,
 Since that my greatness, my command more high,
 And eminency wherein I was plac'd
 Wan me respect in ev'ry humble eye ?
 How am I now abused ! how disgrac'd !
 Did ever Queen in my dejection lie ?
 These things she ponder'd, as despair still brought
 Their fundry forms into her troubled thought.

To London thus they March a prisoner led,
 Which there had oft been courted by the Queen,
 From whom his friends and his late followers fled,
 Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
 Of which, there was not one durst shew his head,
 Much less t' abet his side, that durst be seen ;
 Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
 Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

O Mi-

O Misery! where once thou art posselt,
 See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
 And, like a Circe, metamorphoselt
 The man that hath not a most God-like mind:
 The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infest!
 Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,
 And by thy vicious presence, with a breath
 Give him up fetter'd, basely feard, to death.

Barons Wars

B. 6. St. XLVII. to LXXVII.

by M. DRAYTON. Subl. Edit.

The Same, by an other Hand.

AND now so farre had their discourfes gone,
 That day was vanish'd, and the hower drew on,
 Which for the King's designe was set; from whom
 A trusted Squire to Montague was come.
 Arm'd, as he was, the youthfull Lord arose,
 And forth with courage flew: the like did those
 That were alike engaged; a gallant band
 About the person of their Prince they stand.
 'Mongst whom brave Edward in rich armour dight
 His early manhood shoves: with such a bright
 Heroicke visage does the blew-ey'd maide
 Appear, in all her warlike tire array'd.
 For yet no golden downe had cloath'd his chin,
 Nor twice nine painted summers had he seene,
 And yet those young, those maid-like frownes, as there
 They shew'd, the Genius of great France might feare:
 Much more in them the sure and present fall
 Of guilty Mortimer was read by all.

Farre

Farre from that Castle on the side of Trent
A cave's darke mouth was found, of deepe descent ;
Upon the brinke of which there grew around
So close a thicket, as quite hid the ground
From sight ; the Cave could be descry'd by none,
And had remain'd for many yeeres unknowne ;
Whose hollow wombe did farre from thence extend,
And under ground an uncouth passage lend
Into the Castle. This darke vault was made
To serve the fort, when Danes did first invade
This fertile Island ; now not thought upon,
For the remembrance, as the use was gone
Of such a place, untill of late it chanc'd
Sir Robert Holland to that charge advanc'd,
Surveying all his Castles nookes, had try'd
That horrid way, and closely certify'd
The King the truth of all : with store of light
The noble troope arriv'd there by night ;
There voy'd of feare into the darke descent
With his brave traine Heroicke Edward went,
And through the ragged entrailes of the Cave
And balefull paths did fierce Rhamnusia wave
Her flaming brand, to guide their passage right
And vanquish all the terrours of the night.
Her champions passe with fresh and spritely cheare,
Those mouldy vaults, and ayre unstirred, where,
So many yeeres no humane foot had trode,
Nor living thing but toades and batts abode.
Yet full of hazard did th' attempt appeare,
So great a traine had pompous Mortimer.
But they secure of any danger nigh
Within the Castle some in jollity
Consum'd that hower of night, and some in sleepe,
(For the Earle himfelfe the Castles keyes did keepe.)
In such a fearlesse but a fatall plight
The woden horse surpriz'd old Troy by night.

Into her chamber the faire Queene was gone,
Where with her minion Mortimer alone
She sate ; but not his dearest company,
Nor Love's sweet thoughts, which wont to give so ligh
A relish to them, now could bring delight :
They both were sad on that portentuous night ;
(The Fates it seem'd into their soules had sent
A secret notice of their dire entent)
Which she could not conceale ; nor Mortimer,
Although he often strove, by courting her,
To hide the inward sadnesse of his breast.
Carnarvan Edward's manes had possesst
The roome : and many strange ostents declar'd
Th' approaching ruine : in the Castle yard
The dogges were heard unufually to howle :
About their windowes the ill-boding Owle,
Night-jars, and shreiches with wide-stretched throats
From Yews and Holleys sent their baleful notes.
And (which encreast their sad and ominous feares)
The beautilous Queene relates, while standing teares
Began to dazzle her bright starry eyes,
That ghastly dreame, that dist last night surpris
Her frighted fancy ; " Mortimer," quoth she,
" Methought the skye was wondrous cleare, when we
Together walk'd in yonder court alone ;
The gentle aire seem'd undisturb'd : anone
Rose sudden stormes, a dark and pitchie cloude
Obscur'd heaven's face, and thunder roar'd aloud :
The trembling earth about us moved round,
At last it open'd, and from under-ground
Rose Edward's pale and dismall ghost, his hand
Arm'd with a flaming sword, a threatning band
Of Furies, did upon the ghost attend :
Hee cry'd " Revenge !" With that they all gan bend
Their force 'gainst us, and thee methought they flew :
At which I frighted wak'd, and hardly knew

(So

(So great the terrour was) whether we were
 Alive or not." Ambitious Mortimer,
 Scorning to show from any dreame a feare,
 Strove to divert so bad a theame, and cheare
 The Queene with amorous discourse againe.
 While thus he flatters his owne fate in vaine,
 A boistrous noise about the doores they heare ;
 The maids without, that waited, shreik'd for feare,
 Clashing of Steele, and grones of dying men,
 Approach'd their eares: for in the Lobby then
 Stout Turrington and Nevil both were flaine,
 That durst by force resist the armed traine ;
 And in the chamber, ere the Queene and he
 Had time to doubt what this strange storme should be,
 Sent from the King, the armed troopes appeare,
 By whose command they seize on Mortimer ;
 And in an instant hurry him away :
 (For at the chamber doore did Edward stay)
 The wofull Queene at first amazed stands ;
 But quickly recollected wrings her hands,
 Strikes her faire breast, and after them she hies
 To the next Lobby, weepes, and kneeling cries,
 " Deere Son (for well she knew her son was there)
 Oh pitty, pitty gentle Mortimer.
 Let no accusers raise thine anger so ;
 Nor wicked counsell make thee prove a foe
 To him that well deserves : oh pulle not downe
 So true, so strong a pillar of thy crowne."
 But when she sees him gone, and no reply
 Vouchsaf'd to her (for Edward's modesty,
 Because his Justice her fond suite denyde,
 For feare his tongue should be enforc'd to chide
 A mother's crime or folly, words forbears)
 A grieve too great to be exprest by teares
 Confounds her sense, as in an extasie
 She falls to ground, and helpelesse seems to lye,

Untill

Untill the maids and ladies of her traine
Had to her chamber borne her back againe.

Reigne of Edw. III.

B. 1. Edit. 1635.

The Alarm of SATAN, with the Instigation of
HEROD.

BELOW the bottom of the great Abyſſe,
There where one center reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Miſchief's old Maſter, cloſe about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing ſnakes, that kiſs
His correſpondent cheeks: theſe loathſome ſtrings
Hold the perverſe Prince in eternal ties
Faſt bound, ſince firſt he forfeited the ſkies.

The Judge of Torments, and the King of Tears:
He fills a burniſht throne of quenchleſſ fire:
And for his old fair robes of light, he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where ſeav'n tall horns (his Empire's pride) aſpire.
And to make up Hell's Maſteſty, each horn
Seav'n creſted Hydra's horribly adorn.

His eyes the fullen Dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull air with a diſmal red:
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of ſtaring Comets, that look Kingdoms dead:
From his black noiſtrils, and blew lips, in ſpight
Of Hell's own ſtink, a worſer ſtench is ſpread.
His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deep groan
Diſdains to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes dire exhalation,
 Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
 Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
 The never-dying life, of a long death.
 In this sad House of slow destruction,
 (His shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath
 A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
 While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash.

Three rigorous Virgins waiting still behind,
 Assist the throne of th' Iron-scepter'd King:
 With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
 They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting:
 Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
 About their shady brows in wanton rings.
 Thus reigns the wrathful King, and while he reigns,
 His scepter and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost
 Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?
 How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd and cross'd
 The glories that did gild thee in thy rise?
 Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
 Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise
 Narcissus! foolish Phaeton! who for all
 Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'st but a flaming fall.

From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
 This mortal Enemy to mankind's good,
 Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
 To become beautiful in humane blood.
 Where Jordan melts his chrystal, to make fair
 The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
 There does he fix his eyes: and there detect
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
 Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire:
 Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
 Sibills divining leaves: he does enquire
 Into th' old prophesies, trembling to mark
 How many present prodigies conspire,
 To crown their past predictions, both he lays
 Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged Herald, late he saw
 To a poor Galilean Virgin sent:
 How low the bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe
 Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.
 He saw th' old Hebrews womb, neglect the Law
 Of Age and Barrenness, and her babe prevent
 His birth, by his devotion, who began
 Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

He saw rich nectar thaws, release the rigor
 Of th' icy North, from frost-bound Atlas hands
 His adamantine fetters fall: green vigor
 Gladding the Scythian Rocks and Libian Sands.
 He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
 Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
 Of fair Engaddi, honey-sweating fountains
 With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing Night,
 The Heaven-rebuked shades made haste away;
 How bright a dawn of Angels with new light
 Amaz'd the midnight World, and made a day
 Of which the morning knew not, mad with spight
 He mark how the poor Shepherds ran to pay
 Their simple tribute to the Babe, whose birth
 Was the great business both of Heav'n and Earth.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
 Make proud the ruby portals of the East:
 He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,
 Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her breast:
 He saw the falling Idols, all confess
 A coming Deity: he saw the nest
 Of pois'nous and unnatural Loves, earth-nurst;
 Tought with the Worlds true Antidote, to burst.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-born light,
 On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
 The golden eyes of Night: whose beam made bright
 The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
 (Nor askt leave of the Sun) by day as night.
 By whom (as Heaven's illustrious hand maid) rais'd
 Three Kings or (what is more) three Wifemen went
 Westward to find the Worlds true Orient.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
 Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him:
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings,
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings:
 Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the diuine
 Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
 Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heaven's highest counsails, by the low
 Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
 He tost his troubled eyes embers that glow
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
 With his fowl claws he fenc'd his furrowed brow,
 And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
 The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spight.

Yet on the other side fain would he start
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be :
 He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy.
 He knows (but knows not how or by what art)
 The Heav'n-expecting Ages, hope to see
 A mighty Babe, whose pure unspotted birth,
 From a chaste virgin womb should bleis the earth.

But these vast Mysteries his senses smother,
 And reason (for what's faith to him ?) devour,
 How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
 Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r ;
 How God's eternal Son should be man's brother,
 Posseth his proudest intellectual pow'r ;
 How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
 And Life itself weare Death's frail livery.

That the great Angel-blinding light should shrink
 His blaze, to shine in a poor Shepherds eye ;
 That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
 As Prisoner in a few poor rags to lie ;
 That from his mothers brest he milk should drink,
 Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family ;
 That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
 Who in a throne of stars thunders above ;

That he whom the Sun serves should faintly peep
 Through clouds of infant flesh : that he the old
 Eternal Word should be a child, and weep :
 That he who made the fire should fear the cold :
 That Heaven's high Majesty his Court should keep
 In a clay cottage, by each blast control'd :
 That glories self should serve our griefs and fears ;
 And free Eternity submit to years :

And further, that the Law's eternal Giver,
 Should bleed in his own law's obedience :
 And to the circumcising knife deliver
 Himself, the forfeit of his slaves offence.
 That the unblemisht Lamb, blessed for ever,
 Should take the mark of sin, and pain of fence :
 These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
 Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boyl'd in his enraged brest,
 His gloomy bosome's darkest character,
 Was in his shady forehead seen exprest.
 The forehead's shade in Griefs expression there,
 Is what in sign of joy among the blest
 The face's lightning or a smile is here.
 Those stings of care that his strong heart oppress,
 A desperate, "*Ob me,*" drew from his deep brest.

Ob me! (thus bellow'd he) *Ob me!* what great
 Portents before mine eyes their Pow'rs advance ?
 And serves my purer sight, only to beat
 Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance ?
 Frown I ; and can great Nature keep her feat ?
 And the gay stars lead on their golden dance ?
 Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
 Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and Me ?

He has my Heav'n (what would he more ?) whose bright
 And radiant scepter this bold hand should bear,
 And for the never-fading fields of light,
 My fair inheritance, he confines me here,
 To this dark House of Shades, Horror, and Night,
 To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
 That Mankinds torment waits upon my tears.

Dark,

D

ark, dusky Man, he needs would fingle forth,
 To make the partner of his own pure ray :
 And should we Pow'rs of Heav'n, Spirits of worth
 Bow our bright heads before a King of clay ?
 It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
 Where never wing of Angel yet made way.

What though I mist my blow ? yet I strook high,
 And to dare something is some victory.

Is he not satisfied ? means he to wrest
 Hell from me too, and sack my Territories ?
 Vile Humane Nature, means he not t' invest
 (O my despight !) with his divinest glories ?
 And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
 With his fair triumphs fill all future stories ?
 Must the bright arms of Heav'n rebuke these eyes ?
 Mock me, and dazle my dark Mysteries ?

Art thou not Lucifer ? he to whom the droves
 Of stars that guild the Morn, in charge were given ?
 The nimblest of the lightning-winged Loves ?
 The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n ?
 Look in what pomp the Mistress Planet moves
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven :
 Such and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
 Opprest the common people of the skies.

Ah wretch ! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows ?
 While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
 Renders thee double to thy present woes ;
 Rather make up to thy new miseries,
 And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
 If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathize ;
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
 Myself? my strength too with my innocence?
 Come try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, whate'er doſt boaſt
 A borrowed being, make thy bold defence:
 Come thy Creator too, what though it coſt
 Me yet a ſecond fall? we'd try our ſtrengths:
 Heav'n ſaw us ſtruggle once, as brave a fight
 Earth now ſhall ſee, and tremble at the fight."

Thus ſpoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pauſe,
 His foul Hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands;
 And all the Powers of Hell in full applauſe
 Flourish't their ſnakes, and toſt their flaming brands.
 " We (ſaid the horrid Siſters) wait the laws,
 Th' obſequious handmaids of thy high commands,
 Be it thy part, Hell's mighty Lord, to lay
 On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

What thy Alecſto, what theſe hands can do,
 Thou maſt ſee bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
 Nor ſhouldeſt thou bate in pride, becauſe that now,
 To theſe thy footy Kingdoms thou art driven:
 Let Heaven's Lord chide above louder than thou
 In language of his thunder, thou art even
 With him below: here thou art Lord alone
 Boundleſs and abſolute: Hell is thine own.

If uſual wit and ſtrength will do no good,
 Vertues of ſtones, nor herbs: uſe ſtronger charms,
 Anger and Love, beſt hooks of humane blood:
 If all fail, we'll put on our proudeſt arms,
 And pouring on Heaven's face the Sea's huge flood,
 Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our alarms
 Ruine, where-e'r ſhe ſleeps at Nature's feet;
 And cruſh the World till his wide corners meet."

Reply'd

Reply'd the proud King, " O my Crowns defence!
 Stay of whose strong hopes, you, of whose brave worth,
 The frighted stars took faint experience,
 When 'gainst the thunders-mouth we marched forth;
 Still you are prodigal of your Love's expence
 In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
 I thank you all, but one must fingle out,
 Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt."

Fourth of the curfed knot of Hags is she,
 Or rather all the other three in one;
 Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
 And still assist the execution:
 But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
 Where Hell's capacious cauldron is fet on;
 And, while the black souls boil in their own gore,
 To hold them down, and look that none seeth o're.

Thrice howl'd the Caves of Night, and thrice the found,
 Thundring upon the banks of those black lakes,
 Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound;
 At last her lightning ears the noise o'rtakes,
 She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round,
 A general hiss from the whole tire of snakes
 Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns came,
 In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the Palaces in Hell's command,
 No one so merciless as this of hers.
 The adamantine doors for ever stand
 Impenetrable, both to pray'rs and tears,
 The walls inexorable steel, no hand
 Of Time or teeth of hungry Ruine fears.
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,
 Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash't-out brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
 Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood :
 About her Hate, Wrath, Warre, and Slaughter sweat,
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
 There rude impetuous Rage do's storm, and fret :
 And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,
 Swinging a huge sith, stands impartial Death,
 With endless buisness, almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
 The walls (abominable ornaments !)
 Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung ;
 Fell executioners of foul intents,
 Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
 Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
 Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
 Of brothers mutual blood, and fathers brains.

The tables furnisht with a curst feast,
 Which Harpyes with lean Famine feed upon,
 Unfill'd for ever, here among the rest,
 Inhumane Erichthon too makes one ;
 Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests :
 Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
 The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull,
 Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff brim full,

The foul Queen's most abhorred Maids of honour,
 Medæa, Jezebel, many a meagre Witch,
 With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her ;
 But her best huswives are the Parcæ, which
 Still work for her, and have their wages from her ;
 They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
 Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,
 Which short-cut lives of murder'd infants leave,

The House is hers'd about with a black wood,
 Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree :
 Each flower's a pregnant poyson, try'd and good :
 Each herb a plague: the winds sighs timed be
 By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
 Through the thick shades obicurely might you see
 Minotaur'es, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
 Of Dragons, Hydraes, Sphinxes, fill the grove,

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus dogs appear,
 With the fierce Lyons of Therodamas ;
 Bufiris has his bloody altar here,
 Here Scylla his severest prison has ;
 The Lestrigonjans here their table rear ;
 Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brags ;
 Here cruel Scyron boasts his bloody rocks,
 And hateful Schinas his so feared oaks.

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastick frames
 Of death, Mezentius, or Geryon drew ;
 Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus, names,
 Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,
 Here are they all, here all the swords or flames,
 Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
 Such was the House, so furnisht was the hall,
 Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call,

Scarce to this Monster could the shady King,
 The horrid summe of his intentions tell ;
 But she, (swift as the momentary wing
 Of lightning ; or the words he spoke) left Hell :
 She rose, and with her to our world did bring,
 Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well
 With a chang'd countenance witness'd the fight,
 And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight.
 The fields fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,
 But shut their flowr'y lids, for ever Night
 And Winter strow her way; yea, such a sore
 Is she to Nature, that a general fright,
 An universal palsie spreading ore
 The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
 Had not her thick snakes hid them from the Sun.

Now had the Nights Companion from her den,
 Where all the busie day she close doth lye,
 With her soft wing wip't from the brows of men,
 Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
 And sweet oppresssion, kindly cheating them
 Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
 Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
 Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band.

When the Erynnis her black pinions spread,
 And came to Bethlem, where the cruel King
 Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
 His brest a while from Care's unquiet sting.
 Such as at Thebes dire feast she shew'd her head,
 Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
 Such to the frighted Palace now she comes,
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By Herod ————— now was born
 The scepter, which of old great David swaid,
 Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made:
 And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
 The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yolk, under which they sigh'd in vain,
 And, looking on their lost state, sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious Palace passed she,
 To where the King's proudly-reposed head
 (If any can be soft to Tyranny
 And self-tormenting Sin) had a soft bed.
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
 As it is seen by Hell ; and seen with dread :
 To change her face's stile she doth devise,
 And in a pale Ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Herself awhile she lays aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortal part.
 Joseph, the King's dead Brother's shape she takes,
 What he by Nature was, is she by Art.
 She comes to th' King, and with her cold hand flakes
 His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
 Life's forge ; fain'd is her voice, and false too be
 Her words, "*Sleep'st thou, fond man ? sleep'st thou ?*" said she.

" So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest
 With many a mercylefs o'er-mastring wave ;
 For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
 Which of them deep't shall dig her watry grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest
 In death-like slumbers ; while thy dangers crave
 A waking eye and hand ? look up and see
 The Fates ripe in their great Conspiracy.

" Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stemme
 (That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung
 A most strange babe ! who here conceal'd by them
 In a neglected stable lies, among
 Beasts and base straw : already is the stream
 Quite turn'd : th' ingrateful rebels this their young
 Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
 Their new King, and thy successor proclaim.

" What

"What busie motions, what wild engines stand
 On tiptoe in their giddy brains? th' have fire
 Already in their bosomes; and their hand
 Already reaches at a sword: they hire
 Poysons to speed thee; yet through all the land
 What one comes to reveal what they conspire?
 Go now, make much of these, wage still their wars,
 And bring home on thy brest more thankless scars.

"Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
 That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
 A well-pois'd sceptre? does it now seem good
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain;
 'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
 In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
 And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
 Canst thou be careless now, now canst thou sleep?

"Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
 Of thy great self, hath stoln king Herod from thee?
 O call thyself home to thyself, wake, wake,
 And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee:
 Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
 Thyself into a shape that may become thee:
 Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me
 Immortall stings to thy great thoughts and thee."

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
 For a befeeming bracelet she had ty'd
 (A special worm it was as ever kilt
 The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
 To the King's heart; the snake no sooner list
 But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd,
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through ev'ry vein,
 This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amain.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears :
 His sweat-bedewed bed had now betraid him,
 To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
 All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him :
 So mighty were th' amazing characters
 With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him.

He his own fancy-framed foes defies ;

In rage, "*My arms, give me my arms,*" he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,
 The breath of artificial lungs embraces,
 The caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire,
 And beat the hot bras with rebellious waves ?
 He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire ;
 Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves ;
 Till his o'rfloving pride suppress the flame
 Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoln brest,
 Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood,
 His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
 Which on false Tyrants head ne'er firmly stood.
 The worm of jealous Envy and unrest,
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
 Makes him impatient of the lingring light,
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
 Had sown of old these doubts in his deep brest ;
 And now of late came tributary Kings,
 Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,
 More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,
 With which his feav'rous cares their cold increast,
 And now his dream (hell's firebrand) still more oright,
 Shew'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

No sooner, therefore, shall the morning see
 (Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)
 But all his Counsellours must summon'd be,
 To meet their troubled Lord ; without delay
 Heralds and Messengers immediately
 Are sent about, who passing every way
 To th' heads and officers of every band,
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? what vain fear
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ?
 Heaven's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love ;
 Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from the tear,
 But give thee a better with himself above.
 Poor Jealousie ! why should he wish to prey
 Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make to thy reason, Man ; and mock thy doubts,
 Look how below thy fears their causes are :
 Thou art a soldier, Herod ; send thy scouts,
 See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a War.
 What armour does he wear ? a few thin clouts,
 His trumpets ? tender crys ; his men to dare
 So much ? rude Shepherds, what his steeds ? alas,
 Poor beasts ! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

Translated from Marino,
 by R. Crawshaw, Edit. 1670.

PATHETIC PIECES.

THE DEATH OF ROSAMUND.

FAIRE Rosamund within her bower of late
 (While these sad stormes had shaken Henry's state,
 And he from England last had absent beene)
 Retir'd herselfe; nor had that starre beene seene
 To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
 The woods, or walkes adjoyning to the place.

About those places, while the times were free,
 Oft with a traine of her attendants, she
 For pleasure walk'd; and, like the Huntress Queene,
 With her light Nymphs, was by the people seene.
 Thither the countrey Ladds and Swaines, that neere
 To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her.
 Their jolly May-games there would they present,
 Their harmles sports and rustic merriment,
 To give this beaution Paragon delight.
 Nor that officious service would she slight;

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But

But their rude pastimes gently entertaine.
When oft some forward and ambitious swaine,
That durst presume (unhappy Ladd!) to looke
Too neere that sparkling beauty, planet-strooke
Return'd from thence, and his hard hap did waile.
What now (alas!) can Wake or Faire availe
His love-sick minde? no Whitfun-ale can please,
No jingling Morris-dances give him ease;
The Pipe and Tabor have no sound at all,
Nor to the May-pole can his measure's call;
Although invited by the merriest Lasses,
How little for those former joyes he passes?
But sits at home with folded armes; or goes
To carve on beeches barks his piercing woes,
And too ambitious love. Cupid, they say,
Had stoll'n from Venus then: and lurking, lay
About the fields and villages, that nigh
To Woodstock were, as once in Arcady
He did before, and taught the rural swaines
Love's oratory, and perswasive straines.
But now faire Rosamund had from the sight
Of all withdrawne; as in a cloud, her light
Enveloped lay, and she immured close
Within her Bower, since these sad stirres arose,
For feare of cruell foes; relying on
The strength and safeguard of the place alone:
If any place of strength enough could be
Against a Queene's enraged jealousy.
Now came that fatall day, ordayn'd to see
Th' eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accurst by wofull lovers, all alone
Into her chamber Rosamund was gone;
Where (as if Fates into her soule had sent
A secret notice of their dire intent)
Afflicting thoughts possess her as the fate.
She sadly weigh'd her owne unhappy state,

Her feared dangers, and how farre (alas)
From her reliefe engaged Henry was.
But most of all, while pearly drops distain'd
Her rosie cheekes, she secretly complain'd,
And wail'd her honour's losse, wishing in vaine
She could recall her virgine state againe;
When that unblemish'd forme, so much admir'd,
Was by a thousand noble youths desir'd,
And might have moov'd a Monarch's lawfull flame.
Sometimes she thought how some more happy Dame
By such a beauty, as was hers, had wonne,
From meanest birth, the honour of a throne;
And what to some could higheit glories gaine,
To her had purchas'd nothing but a stayne.
There, when she found her crime, she check'd againe,
That high-aspiring thought, and gann complaine
How much (alas) the too too dazeling light
Of Royall lustre had misled her sight;
O! then she wish'd her beauties nere had been
Renown'd; that she had nere at Court beene-seene:
Nor too much pleas'd enamour'd Henry's eye.
While thus she sadly mus'd, a ruthfull cry
Had pierc'd her tender eare, and in the sound
Was nam'd (she thought) unhappy Rosamund.
(The cry was utter'd by her grieved Mayde,
From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd
Her Ladyes life), and while she doubting fear'd,
Too soone the fatall certainty appear'd;
For with her traine the wrathfull Queene was there;
Oh! who can tell what cold and killing feare
Through every part of Rosamund was strooke?
The rosie tincture her sweete cheekes forsooke,
And, like an ivory statue did she show
Of life and motion rest, had she beene so
Transform'd in deede, how kind the fates had beene,
How pitifull to her? nay, to the Queene?

Even she herselfe did seeme to entertaine
Some ruth ; but strait Revenge return'd againe,
And fill'd her furious breast. " Strumpet (quoth she),
I neede not speake at all ; my sight may be
Enough expreſſion of my wrongs, and what
The consequence muſt proove of ſuch a hate.
Heere, take this poyſon'd cup (for in her hand
A poyſon'd cup ſhe had), and doe not ſtand
To parley now : but drink it preſently,
Or elſe by tortures be reſolv'd to dye.
Thy doome is ſet." Pale trembling Roſamund
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground :
When dull amazement ſomewhat had forſooke
Her breast, thus humbly to the Queene ſhe ſpoke.
" I dare not hope you ſhould ſo farre relent,
Great Queene, as to forgive the puniſhment
That to my foule offence is juſtly due.
Nor will I vainely plead excuſe, to ſhew
By what ſtrong arts I was at firſt betray'd,
Or tell how many ſubtle ſnares were lay'd
To catch mine honour. Theſe, though nere ſo true,
Can bring no recompence at all to you,
Nor juſt excuſe to my abhorred crime.
Inſtead of ſuddaine death, I crave but time,
Which ſhall be ſtill no time of life but death,
In which I may with my condemned breath,
While grieve and pennance make me hourly dye,
Poure out my prayers for your proſperity :
Or take revenge on this offending face,
That did procure you wrong, and my diſgrace.
Make poyſonous leproſies oreſpread my ſkinne ;
And puniſh that, that made your Henry ſinne.
Better content will ſuch a vengeance give
To you ; that he ſhould loath me whileſt I live,
Then that he ſhould extend (if thus I dye)
His laſting pity to my memory,

And you be forc'd to see, when I am dead,
 Those teares, perchance, which he for me will shed :
 For though my worthlesse selfe deserve from him
 No teares in death ; yet when he weighs my crime,
 Of which he knowes how great a part was his,
 And what I suffer as a sacrifice
 For that offence, 'twill grieve his soul to be
 The cause of such a double tragedy."

"No more (reply'd the furious Queene) ; have done ;
 Delay no longer, least thy choyce be gone,
 And that a sterner death for thee remaine."
 No more did Rosamund entreat in vaine ;
 But forc'd to hard necessity to yield,
 Drunke of the fatal potion that she held.
 And with it enter'd the grimme tyrant Death :
 Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
 Might begg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,
 And pardon those that her destruction
 Had doubly wrought. "Forgive, oh Lord, said she,
 Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
 Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry Queene :
 If you had spar'd my life, I might have beene
 In time to come th' example of your glory ;
 Not of your shame, as now ; for when the story
 Of hapless Rosamund is read, the best
 And holiest people, as they will detest
 My crime, and call it foule, they will abhorre,
 And call unjust the rage of Elianor.
 And in this act of yours it will be thought
 King Henry's sorrow, not his love you fought."
 And now so farre the venom's force assail'd
 Her vitall parts, that life with language fail'd.
 That well-built palace where the Graces made
 Their chiefe abode, where thousand Cupids plaid
 And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did delight
 Ev'n Nature's selfe, is now demolish'd quite,

Nere to be rais'd againe ; th' untimely stroake
 Of death, that pretious cabinet has broake,
 That Henry's pleased heart so long had held.
 With suddaine mourning now the house is fill'd ;
 Nor can the Queene's attendants, though they feare
 Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
 By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade ;
 So crushed falls the Lilly's tender blade.
 Her hearse at Godstowe Abbey they enterre,
 Where sad and lasting monuments of her
 For many yeeres did to the world remaine.
 Nought did the Queene by this dire slaughter gaine
 But more her Lord's displeasure aggravate ;
 And now when he return'd in prosperous state,
 This act was cause, together with that crime
 Of raising his unnaturall sonnes 'gainst him,
 That she so long in prison was detain'd,
 And whilest he lived, her freedome never gain'd.

Reigne of Henry II.
 B. 5. by TH. MAY.

CLEOPATRA with the Asps before her debating on
her own Destruction.

“ **A**ND here I sacrifice these arms to Death,
That lust late dedicated to delights :
Off’ring up for my last, this last of breath,
The compliments of my Love’s dearest rites.”
With that she bares her arm, and offer makes.
To touch her death, yet at the touch withdraws,
And seeming more to speak, occasion takes,
Willing to die, and willing too to pause.

Look how a Mother at her Son’s departing,
For some far voyage, bent to get him fame,
Doth entertain him with an idle parling,
And still doth speak, and still speaks but the same ;
Now bids farewell, and now recalls him back,
Tells what was told, and bids again farewell,
And yet again recalls ; for still doth lack
Something that love would fain, and cannot tell.
Pleas’d he should go, yet cannot let him go.
So she, altho’ she knew there was no way
But this, yet this she could not handle so,
But she must shew that life desir’d delay.
Fain would she entertain the time as now,
And now would fain that Death would seize upon her,
Whilst I might see presented in her brow
The doubtful combat try’d ’twixt Life and Honour.
Life bringing legions of fresh hopes with her,
Arm’d with the proof of Time, which yields we say
Comfort and help to such as do refer
All unto him, and can admit delay.

But Honour scorning Life, lo forth leads he
 Bright Immortality in shining armour :
 Thorough the rays of whose clear glory, she
 Might see Life's baseness, how much it might harm her.
 Besides, she saw whole armies of Reproaches,
 And base Disgraces, Furies fearful sad,
 Marching with Life, and Shame that still incroaches
 Upon her face, in bloody colours clad.
 Which representments seeing, worse than Death,
 She deem'd to yield to Life, and therefore chose
 To render all to Honour, heart and breath ;
 And that with speed, lest that her inward foes,
 False Flesh and Blood, joyning with Life and Hope,
 Should mutiny against her resolution,
 And to the end she would not give them scope.
 She presently proceeds to th' execution ;
 And sharply blaming of her rebel powers,
 " False Flesh, (saith she), and what dost thou conspire
 With Cæsar too, as thou wert none of ours,
 To work my shame and hinder my desire ?
 Wilt thou retain in closure of thy veins,
 That Enemy, base Life, or let my good ?
 No, know there is a greater Power constrains,
 Than can be countercheck'd with fearful blood.
 For to the mind that's great, nothing seems great :
 And seeing Death to be the last of woes,
 And Life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
 What do I lose, that have but life to lose ?

Tragedy of Cleopatra, Act. 5. Sc. I.
 Daniel's Poet. Works, Edit. 1718.

A Ladie

A Ladie being wronged by false suspect, and
also wounded by the durance of her Husband,
dooth thus bewray her grieffe.

GIVE me my lute in bed now as I lie,
And locke the doores of mine unluckie bower :
So shall my voyce in moornfull verse descrie
The secret smart whych causeth me to lower :
Refound you, walles, an eccho to my mone ;
And thou, cold bed, wherein I lie alone,
Bear witnesse yet what rest thy lady takes,
When others sleepe whych may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when Cupid kindled fire,
And warm'd my will wyth flames of fervent love ;
To further forth the fruit of my desire,
My friends deviside thys meane for my behove.
They made a match according to my mind,
And cast a snare my fanisie for to blind :
Short tale to make, the deed was almost done
Before I knew whych way the worke begone.

And

And wyth this lot I dyd myfelfe content,
 I lent a liking to my parents choife ;
 Wyth hand and hart I gave my free confent,
 And hoong in hope for ever to rejoyce.
 I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy,
 Than ſhe whych held King Priam's ſonne of Troy :
 But three lewd lots have changde my heaven to hell,
 And thoſe be theſe, give ear and marke them well.

Fiſt Slander, he which alwayes beareth hate
 To happy hearts in heavenly ſtate that bide :
 Gan play his part to ſtirre up ſome debate,
 Whereby ſuſpect into my choiſe might glide.
 And by his meanes the ſlime of falſe ſuſpect,
 Did (as I feare) my deareſt friend infect.
 Thus by theſe twaine long was I plungde in paine,
 Yet in good hope my heart dyd ſtill remaine.

But now (aye me) the greateſt griefe of all,
 Sound loud my lute, and tell it out my toong,
 The hardeſt hap that ever might befall ;
 The onely cauſe wherefore thys ſong is ſoong,
 Is thys alas ! my Love, my Lord, my Roy,
 My choſen pheare, my gem, and all my joy
 Is kept perforce out of my daily fight,
 Whereby I lacke the ſtay of my delight.

In loſtie walles, in ſtrong and ſtatelie towers,
 Wyth troubled minde in ſolitary fort,
 My lovely Lord doth ſpend his dayes and houres,
 A weary life devoyde of all diſport.
 And I poore ſoule muſt lie here all alone,
 To tyre my trueth, and wound my wil with mone ;
 Such is my hap to ſhake my blooming time
 With winters blaſtes before it paſſe the prime.

Now

Now have you heard the summe of all my greefe,
Whereof to tel my heart (oh) rents in twaine,
Good Ladies yet lend you me some releefe,
And beare a part to ease me of my paine.
My sores are such that weyghing well my trueth.
They might provoke the craggy rockes to rueth.
And move these walles with teares for to lament,
The lothsome life wherein my youth was spent.

But thou, my Lute, be stil, now take thy rest,
Repose thy bones upon this bed of downe,
Thou hast discharg'de some burthen from my brest,
Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe,
And let me walke to tyre my restles mind,
Untill I may entreate some curteous wind
To blow these words unto my noble make,
That he may see I sorrow for his sake.

G. Gascoigne's Poems. 4to. 1587.

P. 141.

D O R A-

DORACLES AND DAPHLES, A TALE.

KING Aganippus, ere his death, had with his Lords decreed

His onely daughter Daphles should in Empire him succeed.

A fairer Ladie liv'd not then, and now her like doth lack,

And Nature, thinke I, never will a second she compact.

The King intomb'd, Daphles of his scepter was possesst:

And one there was, a Nobleman, that could it not digest;

Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and

In doubtfull end of victorie their civill quarrels stand.

At length the Argive Maiden Queene she Doracles subdued:

But (Cacus) of this stratagem a tragedie ensued.

Now loves, not launces came in ure, the man that lost the day,

And lies in chaines, left her in cares, her conquest was his pray.

Full often did she blame herselfe for loving him her foe,

But oftner thought she it more blame not to have erred so.

Thus whom in campe she loathed late, in chaines she loved now,

And thought him sure, because so sure. To Princes prisoners bow;

Thinks she: and watching fitting time, unto the prison went,

Where at the dore of such his lodge a many teares she spent.

But entring, when her eyes beheld the image of her hart,

To her still peerelesse, though his bands had altdred him in part,

She

She casting downe her bashfull eyes stood senceles then a
space,

Yeat what her tonguelesse love adjorn'd was extant in her
face :

And now the goaler left to her the prisoner and the place.

“ Then, cheering carefull Doracles, let it suffice (quoth she)
That I repent me of thy bands, and frankly set thee free:
And let that grace, grace out the rest (for more remains be-
hind

Then, being said, may decent seeme to such as faults will
find)

Myselfe, my land, my love, my life, and all what so is
mine

Possesse: yet love, and save my life, that now have saved
thine.”

Then, fownes she at his fullen feete, that yet abode in
thrall :

Which to avoid, he faintly rubs his liver on his gall :

And with his hand, not with his heart, did reare her sinking
downe,

And faining to approve her choise, had promise of the
crowne.

But neither crowne, nor countrie's care, nor she (worth
all the rest)

Nor grace, nor dutie, reconcile whom envie had possesst.

No sooner was he got at large, and wealth suppli'd his
lack,

But he to seeke her overthrow to forren aids did pack.

Demaund not how the wronged Queene digested such her
wrong,

But aske if she, the tidings tolde, to heare them liv'd so
long:

She liv'd indeede, yet fowned oft, and fowning overpast,
From her mistempered head she teares her lovely tresses
fast.

And

And beateth on her ivorie brests, and casts her on the ground.

And wrings her hands, and scricheth out, and flingeth up and downe.

Her Ladies pittying her distresse had got their Queene to rest:

From whenceforth outward signes, and sighs her inward grieve exprest:

Her sparing diet, feldome sleepe, her silence, and what not,
Had fram'd her now right Lover-like, when thus to him she wrot.

"What fault of mine hath caus'd thy flight doth rest in cloudes to me,

But faultles have I heard of none, and faultie may I be.

Yet not my scepter, but my selfe, have kingly Suters sought:

Did all amisse, save thou alone, that settest both at naught?

At nought, said I? yea well I said, because so easily caught.

One crime but cite, and I for it will shed a million teares:

And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.

Ah, Doracles, if our extreames, thy malice and my love,

The formers ever ill shall not the latters good remove.

I hear thou dost frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with mee,

Forgetfull that my Argive men impatient warriours bee:

Sweet, hassard not the same to sword that Love doth warrant thee.

Ech speare that shall but crosse thy helme hath force to craese my hart:

But if thou bleede, of that thy blood my fainting soule hath part.

With thee I live, with thee I dye, with thee I lose or gaine,

Live safe therefore, for in thy life consists the lives of twaine.

Most wisely valiant are those men that backe their armed steeds

In beaten paths, o're boorded tylthes to break their staffe-like reeds:

Where

Where not the dint of wounding launce, but some devise of
love,
Sans danger, hath sufficient wait their manhoods to approve.
Where brave aspects of lovely Dames Tantara to the fight,
Whose formes perhaps are weg'd in harts, when favours wag
in fight,
Whereas the Victor's prize is praise, and trumpets sound ech
blow,
Where all is well, that seems but well, in courage or in
show.
Where Ladies doffe their Champions helmes, and kisse
where beavers hid,
And parlie under Canopies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, sweet-heart retire: or, if thou wilt be
arm'd,
Then fight as these, where all things make that all escape
unharm'd.
Such manhood is a merriment: things present are regarded:
Not perillous wounds in warre, but here wars perill is re-
warded.
In few, the warres are full of woes, but here even words of
warre,
Have braver grace then works themselves, for courts from
campes be far.
Than are the valiant, who more vaine? than cowards who
more wise?
Not men that travell Pegasus, but Fortune's fooles doe rise.
Methinks I see how churlish lookes estrange thy cheerefull
face,
Methinks thy gestures, talke, and gate, have chang'd their
wonted grace:
Methinks thy sometimes nimble limbs with armour now are
lame:
Methinks I see how scars deforme where swords before did
maime:

I see

I see thee faint with Summer's heat, and droup with Winter's
cold :

I see thee not the same thou art, for young thou seemest
old :

I see not, but my soule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold. }

I sorrow lastly, to have seene whom now I wish to see,

Because I see Love's Oratresse pleads tediously to thee.

If words, nor weepings, love, nor lines, if ease, nor toyle in
fight,

May waine thee from a pleasing ill, yet come thou to my fight :

Perchance my presence may dissuade or partnership delight.

But wo am I, dead paper pleads, a sencelesse thing of woe :

It cannot weepe nor wring the hands, but say that she did so ;

And saith so uncredited, or if, then thought of corse :

Thus, thus, because not passionate, to paper failes remorse.

O that my griefes, my sighes, and teares might muster to thy
viewe,

The woes, not words, then paine, not pen, should vouch my
writing true.

Yeat fare thou well, whose fare-well brings such fare-ill unto
me ;

Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home, and welcome shalt thou
be."

These lines, subscribed with her name, when Doracles did
viewe,

He was so far from liking them, that loathing did ensue.

And, least that hope should ease her heart, or he not seeme
unkinde,

In written tables he to her returned thus his minde.

" The best of bees doe bear, beside sweet hony, smarting
stings,

And Beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.

Content thee, Daphles, Mooles take mads, but men know
Mooles to catch,

And ever wakes the Dawlian Bird to ward the floe-wormes
watch.

I have

I have perus'd, I wot not what, a scrole, forsooth, of love,
 As if to Dirus in his tent should Cupid cast his glove.
 A challenge proper to such sottes as you would fashion me,
 But I disdain to talke of love, much more in love to be.
 Nor thinke a Queene, in case of love, should tie me to consent.
 But holdē the contrarie more true, and it no consequent :
 For persons must in passions jumpe, els Love it proveth lame ;
 Nor thinke I of a Woman's graunt, but as a Woer's game.
 Your sex withstands not place and speach ; for be she base or
 hie,

A Woman's eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.
 Then senceles is he, having speach, that bids not for the best ;
 Ev'n carters Malkins will disdain when gentrie will digest.
 The better match the braver mart, and willinger is sought :
 And willing sute hath best event ; so Vulcan Venus cought.
 I argue not of her estate, but set my rest on this ;
 That opportunitie can win the coyest she that is.
 Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toyes
 with arte,

Brings love that swimmeth at her eyes to dive into her hart.
 But since the best, at best is bad, a shrow or else a sheepe,
 Just none at all are best of all, and I from all will keepe.
 Admit I come, and come I then because I come to thee ?
 No, when I come, my comming is contrarie fights to see.
 My leifure serves me not to love till fish as falcons flie,
 Till sea shall flame, till sunne shall freeze, till mortall men not
 die,

And rivers, climbing up their bankes, shall leave their chan-
 nels dry.

When these shall be, and I not be, then may I chance to love,
 And then the strangest change will be that I a Lover prove.
 Let bevers hide, not buffes hurt, my lips for lips unfit :
 Let skarred limbes, not carefull loves, to honor honor get.
 I skorne a face effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
 That, borne a man, preposterously by arte doth alter kinde :

With fingers, ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds
in print,

With fashions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke
no lint,

With speare in wrest, like painted Mars, from thought of
battaile free,

With gate, and grace, and every gaude, so womanly to see,
As not in nature, but in name, their manhood seemes to bee.

Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his boyish chinne,
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.

And yeat to winne, whom would be wonne, these vow with
lesser speed,

Then might be wun a towne of warie, the crope not worth
the seede.

But let them travaile till they tire, and then be ridde for jaides,
If gamesters faire, if souldiers milde, or lovers true of maides?
Who love in sporte, or leave in spight, or if they stoupe to
luer,

Their kindnes must have kindely use; faults onely make them
fuer.

Did fancie? no, did furie? yea, hang up the Thracian Maide,
The wonders seven should then be eyght, could love thee so
perswaide.

But love or hate, fare ill or well, I force not of thy fare;
My welcome, which thou doest pretend, shall prove a thank-
less care."

When Daphles heard him so unkind, she held herselfe
accurst;

And little lacked of so well but that her heart did burst;
And wheare she read the churlish scrole, she fell into a fowne,
But, brought againe, upon a bed herselfe she casteth downe,
Not rising more: and so her love and life together end:
Or (if I so may gesse) in death her soule did live his friend.

The Queene enterr'd, and obbit kept (as she in charge did
give)

A Knight was shipt to Calidon, wheare Doracles did live,

To

To offer him, as her bequest, the Argive throne and crowne.
Not that we force, or feare (quoth he) thy favour or thy frowne
We move this peace, or make thee Prince, but Daphles swore
us so,

Who, loving more then thou could'st hate, nor liv'd nor died
thy foe.

And is she dead (quoth Doracles) that lived to my wrong?

I gladly doe accept the newes, expected for of long.

The Lord and Legate were imbarckt, and ship ran under
saile,

Untill the Argive strond the mariners did haile.

To Daphles, by adoption, theare inthronized a King,

He divers yeares good fortune had successeive in each thing,

All friends, no foes, all wealth, no want, still peace and
never strife,

And what might seeme an earthly heaven to Doracles was rise.

A subject, but a Nobleman, did richly feast the King,

And after meat presented him with many a sight and thing.

Theare was a chamber in the which, portraied to the quick,

The picture of Queene Daphles was; and deeply did it prick

The King his conscience, and he thought her like did not re-
maine :

So whom her person could not pearce, her picture now did
paine.

A kissing Cupid, breathing love into her breast, did hide

Her wandring eies, whilst to her hart his hand a Death did
guide;

Non macrens morior, for the mott, inchaused was beside.

Her curtisie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,

And of her beautie in himselfe he did a chaos finde.

Recalling eke his late degree, and reck'ning his desert

He could not thinke (or faintly thought) his love to sterne
her heart;

And to the Maker of the feast, did such his thoughts im-
part.

“ And doubtles your Grace (the feaster said) if Daphles lov'd or no ?

I wish (I hope I wish no harme) she had not loved so,
 Or you more liked than you did, then she had lived yet :
 To what her latest speech did tend I never shall forget.
 Myselfe, with divers noblemen, whose teares bewraid our care,
 Was present, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare ;
 My hap (quoth she) is simply bad that cannot have, nor hope ;
 Was ever wretch (I wretch except) held to so skant a scope ?
 I see him rove at other markes, and I unmarkt to be :
 I finde my fault, but follow it, whilest death doth followe me.
 Ah death (my Lords), despaire is death, and death must
 ranfome blisse,

Such ranfome pleaseth Doracles, and Daphles pliant is.
 Not bootles then (since breathles strait) sweet Love doth
 flames contrive,

The which shall burne me up at once that now do burne alive.
 Alas (then did she pause in teares), that Doracles were by,
 To take it from his eies, not eares, that I for him doe die ;
 At least, perhaps, he would confesse my love to be no lie. }
 But (Want-wit I) offensive sights to Doracles I crave ;
 Long live, deare Hart, not minding mewhen I am laid in grave.
 And you (my Lords), by those same Goddes, whose sight I
 hope anon,

I conjure that ye him invest your King when I am gon.
 A lonely say I liv'd and died to him a Lover true,
 And that my parting ghost did sound, *sweete Doracles adur.*
 A sigh concluding such her words, she closed up her eye ;
 Not one of us, beholding it, that seemed not to die.
 Thus to your Grace I leave to gesse how tragick Daphles died ;
 In love, my lord, yea loving you, that her of love denied.”

•The picture, and this same discourse afford sufficient woe
 To him, that, maimed in his minde, did to his pallace goe.
 Theare Doracles did set abroach a world of things forgot ;
 What meanest thou, man ? (ah frantick man) how art thou
 overshot

(He

(He said) to hate the substance then, and love the shadow now,
Her painted board, whose amorous hart did breake whilst I
not bow?

And could'st thou, churlish wretch, contemn the love of such
a Queene?

O Gods, I graunt for such contempt I justly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy Jove, that now on me hath power)
Was worthie of farre worthier love, without a further dower,
But gaze thou on her, senceles signe, whose selfe thou mad'st
thy pray,

And gazing perish; for thy life is debt to her decay.
Time going on, greefe it grew on, of dolour sprung dispaire,
When Doracles to Daphles tombe did secretly repaire:

Theare (teares a preface to the rest) these only words he
spake;

“Thy Love was losse, for losse my life in recompense do take,
Dear Daphles;” so a daggers stab a Tragedie did make.

Albion's England, by W. Warner,
Chap. 9. Edit. 1602. Lond.

AN ODE TO MARS.

O fierce and furious God ! whose harmefull harte
 Rejoiceth most to fhed the giltleffe blood :
 Whose headie will doth all the world fubvert,
 And doth envy the pleafaunt merry moode
 Of our eftate that erft in quiet ftoode ;
 Why doft thou thus our harmleffe towne annoy
 Which mightie Bacchus governed in joye ?

Father of warre and death ! that doft remove
 With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mother's breast
 The trustie pledges of her tender love ;
 So graunt the Gods, that for our final reft,
 Dame Venus' pleafaunt lookes may charm thee beft,
 Whereby when thou fhall all amazed ftand,
 The fword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou maift prove fome other way full well
 The bloudie prowefle of thy mightie fpeare,
 Wherewith thou raileft from the depths of Hell
 The wrathfull fprites of all the Furies there,
 Who, when they wake, doe wander everie where,
 And never reft to raunge about the coaftes,
 T' enrich their pit with fpoiles of damned ghofles,

And

And when thou hast our fields forsaken thus,
 Let cruell Discorde bear thee companie,
 Engirt with snakes, and serpents venomous,
 E'en she, that can with red vermillion dye
 The gladsome greene, that flourish'd pleasantly,
 And make the greedy ground a drinking cup,
 To sup the blood of murder'd bodies up.

Iocasta, Act II. Scene the last.

Gascoigne's Poems, Edit. 1577.

ODE TO CONCORD.

O Blisseful Concord, bred in sacred brest
 Of hym that rules the restless-rolling skie,
 That to the earth, for man's assured rest,
 From height of heavens vouchsafest downe to flie !
 In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
 With sweete accorde to keepe the frowning starres,
 And everie planet els, from hurtful warres.

In thee, in thee, such noble vertue bydes,
 As may commaund the mightiest Gods to bend
 From thee alone such sugred frendship flydes
 As mortall wights can scarcely comprehend.
 To greatest strife thou setst deliteful end.
 O holy Peace, by thee are only found
 The passing joyes that everie where abound !

Thou only thou, through thy celestiall might,
 Didst first of all the heavenly pole devise
 From th' old confused heap, that Chaos hight :
 Thou madste the Sunne, the Moone, the Starres, to glyde
 With ordred course, about this world so wyde :
 Thou hast ordayne Dan Tytans shining light
 By dawne of day to change the darksome night.

When tract of time returnes the lusty Ver
 By thee alone the buds and blossoms spring,
 The fields with flours be garnisht every where,
 The blooming trees abundant fruite doe bring,
 The chereful byrdes do melodiously doe sing :
 Thou doest appoynt the crop of summer's seede,
 For man's releefe, to serve the Winter's neede.

Thou dost inspire the hearts of princely peers
 By providence proceeding from above,
 In flowring youth to choose their proper feeres
 With whom they live in league of lasting love,
 Till fearfull death doth sitting life remove ;
 And looke howe faste to death man payes his due !
 So fast agayne doest thou his stock renue,

By thee the basest thing advanced is ;
 Thou every where doest graffe such golden peace,
 As filleth man with more than earthly blisse :
 The Earth by thee doth yeelde her sweete increase,
 At beck of thee al bloody discords cease.
 And mightiest realmes in quyet do remayne,
 Whereas thy hand doth hold the royall rayne.

Iocasta, a Tragedy, by G. Gascoigne,
 Act 4, Scene the last. Edit, 1577.

MATILDA the Fair, after resisting the importunities of King JOHN, who had disgraced and banished her Father, retires to the Abby of DUNMOW, and is there poison'd by an Assassins from the King.—MATILDA speaks.

WHERE I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
 (As one to him a willing ear that lent)
 Himself to me he but too soon disclos'd,
 And who it was that thither had him sent,
 From point to point relating his intent;
 Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this invasion,
 He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion.

“ Hear but (saith he) how blindly thou dost err,
 Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
 When as the king thee highly will prefer,
 Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;
 So indiscreetly sort not thy election,
 To shut that in a melancholy cell,
 Which in a Court ordained was to dwell.

Yet further think how dang'rous is his offer,
 If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it:
 Art thou not mad, that thus do'st see a coffer
 Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it?
 So far that thou want'st reason to excuse it,
 Thyself condemning in thine own good hap,
 Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.

Wrong

Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive
 Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,
 'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,
 Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;
 For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,
 Like to some rich Churl hoarding up his pelf,
 Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

What is this vain and idle Reputation,
 Which to the shew you seemingly respect ?
 Only the weakness of imagination,
 Which in conclusion worketh no effect,
 And lesser can the worshipers protect :
 That only standeth upon fading breath,
 And hath at once the being and the death:

A fear that grew from doating Superstition,
 To which your weak credulity is prone,
 And only since maintained by tradition,
 Into our ears impertinently blown,
 By folly gathered, as by error sown ;
 Which us still threatning hindreth our desires,
 Yet all it shews us be but painted fires.

Persuade thyself this Monastery to leave,
 Which Youth and Beauty justly may forsake ;
 Do not thy Prince of those high joys bereave,
 Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
 Who sends me else thy life away to take:
 For dead to him if needly thou wilt prove,
 Dye to thyself, be bury'd with his love."

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,
 Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill ;
 The horror of the solitary place,
 Being so fit wherein to work his will,
 And at the instant he my life to spill ;
 All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,
 By fear dissuaded menaced by murder.

In this so great and peremptory trial,
 With strong temptations fundry ways afflicted,
 With many a yielding, many a denial,
 Oft-times acquitted, often-times convicted,
 Terror before me lively stood depicted;

When as it was, that but a little breath
 Gave me my life, or sent me to my death

But soon my soul had gather'd up her powers,
 Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
 The resolution of so many hours,
 Whereon herself she confidently stay'd,
 In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,

Making the state which she maintained good,
 Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,
 From those strict limits wherein long confin'd.
 Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,
 And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,
 Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,

Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,
 Checkt his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
 And for my answer only did abide ;
 Having a poison murd'ring by the scent,
 If to the organ of that sense apply'd,
 Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'd,

Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,
 Which in an instant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch my vail disorder'd then,
 My face discovering, my delicious cheek
 Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,
 With such a sweetness as made death seem meek,
 And was to him beholding it most like

A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,
 That glows agains 'ere suddenly it dye.

And

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
 Wherein he then such excellency saw,
 Ruing the spoil done by his fatal hand,
 What naught before, him this at last could awe,
 From his stern eyes as though it tears would draw,
 Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as dead,
 Grieving for me that they had none to shed.

When life grown faint, hies lastly to my heart,
 The only fort to which she had to take,
 Feeling cold death to seize on every part,
 A strong invasion instantly to make :
 Yet ere she should me utterly forsake,
 To him who sadly stood me to behold,
 Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

“ Is this the gift the King on me bestows,
 Which in this fort he sends thee to present me ?
 I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
 If this in token of his love he sent me ?
 But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me :
 Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,
 The gift King John bestow'd upon his Love.

When all that race in memory are set,
 And by their statues, their achievements done,
 Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
 From son to sire, from sire again to son,
 Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously they won :
 Oh ! that of him it only should be said,
 This was King John, the murth'rer of a maid !

Oh ! keep it safely from the mouth of Fame,
 That none do hear of his unhallow'd deed ;
 Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,
 Lest after-ages hap the same to read,
 And that the letters shewing it do bleed !
 Oh ! let the grave mine innocency hold,
 Before of him this tyranny be told !”

Thus

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,
 The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,
 The poison then that in my breast did rage,
 His deadly vigour forcibly exprest,
 Not suff'ring me to stand upon the rest,
 Longer for him it was no time to stay ;
 And Death call'd on, to hasten me away,

Thus in my closet being left alone,
 Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,
 The fact committed, and the murthrer gone,
 Arrived at the utmost point of dying,
 Some of the Sisters me by chance espying,
 Call'd all the rest, that in most woful plight
 Came to behold that miserable fight.

Thus like a rose by some unkindly blast,
 'Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
 The with'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,
 Whilst all the rest their sovereign beauty shew :
 Amidst this goodly Sister-hood even so,
 Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
 Whilst they about me piteous wailing made.

And my sad soul upon her sudden flight,
 So soon forsaken of each several sense,
 With all the horror death could her affright,
 Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,
 All comfort fled her ; for her last defence,
 Doth to her spotless innocence betake her,
 Which left her not, when all the rest forsake her.

To shew our pleasures are but children's toys,
 And as meere shadows, or like bubbles pass,
 As years increase, so waning are our joys,
 Forgotten as our favours in a glass,
 A very tale of that which never was :
 Even so, Death us and our delights can sever,
 Virtue alone abandoneth us never.

Legend of Matilda, by M. Drayton.
 Subscrip. Edit. Fol.

ROBERT

ROBERT Duke of NORMANDY, Eldest SON of WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, and Heir to the English throne, at his return from the CRUSADES on the Death of his brother WILLIAM RUFUS, who had usurp'd his Kingdom, is vanquish'd by HENRY the First, and confined a Prisoner in CARDIFF CASTLE.

A S bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings,
 Her captiv'd life as Nature's chiefest wrong,
 In dolefull dittie sadly fits and sings,
 And mournes her thrall'd libertie so long,
 Till breath be spent in many a sithfull song :
 So heere captiv'd I many daies did spend
 In sorrowes plaint, till death my daies did end.

Where as a prisoner, though I did remaine ;
 Yet did my brother grant this libertie,
 To quell the common speech, which did complaine
 On my distresse, and on his tyrannie,
 That in his parkes and forrests joyning by,
 When I did please I to and fro might goe,
 Which in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as Aurora bright
 Began to scale heaven's steepie battlement,
 And to the world disclose her cheereful light,
 As was my wont, I with my keeper went
 To put away my sorrowes discontent :
 Thereby to ease me of my captive care,
 And solace my sad thoughts in th' open aire.

Wandring

Wandering through forrest wide, at length we gaine
 A steepe cloud-kissing rocke, whose horned crowne
 With proud imperiall looke beholds the maine,
 Where Severn's dangerous waves run roling downe,
 From th' Holmes into the seas, by Cardiffe towne,
 Whose quicke devouring sands so dangerous been
 To those, that wander Amphytrites greene :

As there we stood, the countrie round we ey'd
 To view the workmanship of Nature's hand,
 There stood a mountaine, from whose weeping side
 A brooke breakes forth into the low-lying land,
 Here lies a plaine, and there a wood doth stand,
 Here pastures, meades, corn fields, a vale do crowne,
 A castle here shootes up, and there a towne.

Here one with angle ore a silver streame
 With banefull baite the nibbling fish doth feed,
 There in a plow'd-land with his painefull teame,
 The plowman sweates, in hope for labour's meed :

— — — — —
 Heere sits a goatheard on a craggie rock,
 And there in shade a shepheard with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect
 Might yeeld content unto a carefull eye ;
 Yet downe the rock descending in neglect
 Of such delight, the sunne now mounting high,
 I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,
 Where we repoide us on a greene wood side,
 Afront the which a silver streame did glide.

There dwelt sweet Philomel, who never more
 May bide the abode of mans societie,
 Lest that some sterner Tereus then before,
 Who cropt the flower of her virginitie,
 Gainst her should plot some second villanie ;
 Whose dolefull tunes to minde did cause me call
 The woefull storie of her former fall.

The

The Redbreast, who in bush fast by did stand
 As partner of her woes, his part did plie,
 For that the gifts, with which Autumnus hand
 Had grac'd the earth, by winter's wrath should-die,
 From whose cold cheekes bleake blasts began to flie,
 Which made me think upon my summer past
 And winters woes, which all my life should last.

My Keeper with compassion mov'd to see,
 How griefes impulsions in my brest did beate,
 Thus silence broke, " Would God (my Lord) quoth he,
 This pleasant land, which Natures hand hath set
 Before your eyes, might cause you to forget
 Your discontent, the object of the eye
 Oft times gives ease to woes, which inward lie.

Behold upon that mountains top so sleepe,
 Which seemes to pierce the cloudes and kisse the skie,
 How the gray shepherd drives his flock of sheepe
 Downe to the vale, and how on rockes fast by
 The goates frisk to and fro for jollitie ;
 Give eare likewise unto these birds sweet songs,
 And let them cause you to forget your wrongs."

To this I made replie : " Fond man, said I,
 What under heav'n can slack th' increasing woe,
 Which in my griev'd hart doth hidden lie ?
 Of choice delight what object canst thou shew,
 But from the sight of it fresh griefe doth grow ?
 What thou didst whilome point at to behold,
 The same the summe of sorrow doth infold.

That gray coat Shepheard, whom from farre we see,
 I liken unto thee, and those his sheepe
 Unto my wretched self compar'd may bee :
 And though that carefull pastor will not sleepe,
 When he from ravenous wolves his flock should keepe ;
 Yet here alas, in thrall thou keepest mee,
 Untill that wolfe my brother hungrie bee.

Those

Those shaghair'd goates upon the craggie hill,
Which thou didst shew, see how they friske and play,
And everie where doe run about at will ;
Yea when the Lion markes them for his prey,
They over hills and rockes can flie away :
But when that Lion fell shall follow me
To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee ?

Those sweet-voic'd birds, whose aires thou dost commend,
To which the echoing woods return replie,
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend :
For when I see, how they do mount on hie,
Waving their out-stretcht wings at libertie ;
Then do I thinke how bird-like in a cage
My life I leade and grieve can never swage."

A Winter Night's Vision, &c.
by R. Niccols, 1610. See
Mir. for Mag. 650, p. 653.

RICHARD the Second, deluded by the artifice, and overpowered by the Ambition of HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of LANCASTER, makes his public entry into LONDON, in the train of the latter, and is met by his young Queen ISABEL, who studiously throws herself in his way.

NOW Isabel, the young, afflicted Queen,
 (Whose years had never shew'd her but delights,
 Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen
 Other than smiling joys, and joyful sights :
 Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever been
 Partaker of the world's best benefits)
 Had plac'd herself, hearing her Lord should pass
 That way, where she unseen in secret was ;

Sick of delay, and longing to behold
 Her long-miss'd Love in fearful jeopardies :
 To whom altho' it had in sort been told
 Of their proceeding, and of his surprize ;
 Yet thinking they would never be so bold,
 To lead their Lord in any shameful wise ;
 But rather would conduct him as their King,
 As seeking but the state's re-ordering,

And

And forth she looks, and notes the foremost train ;
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there.
Seeing the Chief not come, stays, looks again ;
And yet she sees not Him that should appear.
Then back she stands ; and then desires, as fain
Again to look, to see if he were near.
At length a glittering troop far off she spies ;
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries.

“ Lo yonder ! now at length he comes, saith she ;
Look, my good Women, where he is in sight.
Do you not see him ? yonder, that is He !
Mounted on that White Courser, all in white ;
There where the thronging Troops of People be.
I know him by his feat : he sits upright.
Lo, now he bows ! dear Lord, with what sweet grace !
How long have I long'd to behold that face !

O what delight my heart takes by mine eye !
I doubt me when he comes but something near,
I shall set wide the window ——— what care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see clear ?
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
(Sweet Lady !) in the thing she held so dear :
For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then Envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
Where sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat ;
And words of wrath, from whence complaints should rise,
Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat :
“ Traytor, saith she ; i'ft thou, that in this wise
To brave thy Lord and King art made so great ?
And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong,
To look on thee ? for this stay'd I so long ?

H a

Ah !

Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd Rebel so?
 Well, for their error I will weep them out,
 And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe;
 And loath the mind, that gave me not to doubt.
 What? have I added shame unto my woe?
 Ill look no more ——— Ladies, look you about;
 And tell me if my Lord be in this train;
 Lest my betraying eyes should err again."

And in this passion turns herself away.
 The rest look all, and careful note each wight;
 Whilst she, impatient of the least delay,
 Demands again: "And what; not yet in sight?
 Where is my Lord: what; gone some other way?
 I muse at this'—— O God, grant all go right."
 Then to the window goes again at last,
 And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see:
 And yet Hope spent makes her not leave to look.
 At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
 Fastens on one; whom tho' she never took
 Could be her Lord; yet that sad cheer which he
 Then shew'd, his habit and his woful look,
 The grace he doth in base attire retain,
 Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

"What might He be, she said, that thus alone
 Rides pensive in this universal joy?
 Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
 All are not pleas'd with ev'ry thing this day.
 It may be, he laments the wrong is done
 Unto my Lord, and grieves; as well he may.
 Then he is some of ours; and we of right
 Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

But

But stay: is't not my Lord himself I see?
 In truth, if 'twere not for his base array,
 I verily should think that it were he:
 And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray.
 Yet God forbid —— let me deceived be:
 And be it not my Lord, altho' it may:
 Let my desire make vows against desire;
 And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

Let me not see him but himself, a King:
 For so he left me —— so he did remove.
 This is not he — this feels some other thing;
 A passion of dislike, or else of love.
 O yes 'tis he —— that princely face doth bring
 The evidence of majesty to prove:
 That face I have conferr'd which now I see,
 With that within my heart, and they agree."

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in doubt;
 Wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
 Having belief yet fain would be without;
 Knowing, yet striving not to know 'twas he:
 Her heart relenting; yet her heart so stout,
 As would not yield to think what was, could be;
 'Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
 She must confess, or else deny the light.

For whether Love in him did sympathize,
 Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt;
 Ev'n just before where she thus secret pries,
 He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
 When she—" 'Tis O! too true—I know his eyes:
 Alas! it is my own dear Lord"—cries out:
 And with that cry sinks down upon the floor;
 Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart;
 Locks it within; stops up the way of breath;
 Shuts senses out of door from ev'ry part;
 And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
 Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,
 Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death;
 So by a sigh it lets in sense again,
 And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

Then like a torrent had been stopt before,
 Tears, sighs and words, doubled together flow;
 Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
 The true intelligence of Grief to show.
 Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their store;
 Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
 One would do all; the other more than's part;
 Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

At length, when past the first of Sorrow's worst,
 When calm'd confusion better form affords;
 Her heart commands, her words should pass out first,
 And then her sighs should interpoint her words;
 The whiles her eyes out into tears should burit,
 This order with her sorrow she accords;
 Which orderless, all form of order brake;
 So then began her words, and thus she spake.

"What! dost thou thus return again to me?
 Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
 Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
 From that unhappy Irish enterprise?
 And have I made so many vows to see
 Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
 Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring;
 To come a Captive, that went'st out a King?

And

And yet, dear Lord, tho' thy ungrateful Land
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part.
I do remain the same, under thy hand;
Thou still dost rule the Kingdom of my heart:
If all be lost, that Government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart.
And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

And welcome come, how-so unfortunate;
I will applaud what others do despise.
I love thee for thyself, not for thy State:
More than thyself is what without thee lies;
Let that more go, if it be in thy fate;
And having but thyself, it will suffice.
I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

But what do I here lurking, idly moan,
And wail apart; and in a single part
Make several grief? which should be both in one;
The touch being equal of each other's heart.
Ah! no, sweet Lord, thou must not moan alone;
For without me thou art not all thou art;
Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,
For thus unjoin'd, sorrow but half appears.

Join then our complaints, and make our grief full grief;
Our state being one, let us not part our care:
Sorrow hath only this poor bare relief,
To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief,
To steal a private part, and sev'ral share;
Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due?
No, no, my Lord; I come to help thee rue."

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,
 (As grieving to be seen not as she was;)
 Labours t' attain his presence all she may;
 Which, with most hard ado, was brought to pass.
 For that night understanding where he lay,
 With earnest 'treating she procur'd her pass,
 To come to him. Rigor could not deny
 Those tears (so poor a suit), or put her by,

Ent'ring the chamber, where he was alone
 (As one whose former fortune was his shame)
 Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one
 That knew him once, and knows him not the same:
 When having given express command that none
 Should press to him; yet hearing some that came,
 Turns angrily about his grieved eyes;
 When lo! his sweet afflicted Queen he spies.

Strait clears his brow, and with a borrow'd smile;
 "What! my dear Queen! welcome my dear," he says;
 And (striving his own passion to beguile,
 And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays)
 Could speak no more; but wrings her hands the while;
 And then—"sweet Lady!" and again he stays,
 Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords
 Affliction none, or but poor niggard words.

She that was come with a resolved heart,
 And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well chose;
 Thinking, this comfort will I first impart
 Unto my Lord, and thus my speech dispose;
 Then thus I'll say; thus look; and with this art,
 Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes.
 When being come, all this prov'd nought but wind;
 Tears, looks, and sighs, do only tell her mind.

Thus both stood silent, and confus'd fo,
 Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn :
 Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,
 In labour with what was not to be born ;
 This mighty burthen wherewithal they go,
 Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
 Sorrow makes Silence her best orator,
 Where words may make it less, not shew it more.

Civil War. B 2. LXVI. XCII. St.
 by S. Daniel, 1718. Edit. Lond. 2 V.

THE QUESTION.

Being asked the occasion of his White Head, he
 answereth thus.

WHERE seething fighes and sorow fobbes
 Hath slaine the slippes that nature set :
 And skalding showers with stony throbbes,
 The kindly sappe from them hath set :
 What woonder then though that you see,
 Upon my head white heares to be.

Where thought hath thril'd and throwne his speares,
 To hurt the hart that harmeth him not :
 And groning grieve hath ground forth teares,
 Myne eyne to steyne, my face to spot.
 What woonder then though that you see,
 Upon my head white heares to be.

Where

Where pinching Payne himselfe has plaste,
There peace with pleasures were posselt :
And where the walles of wealth lye waste,
And povertye in them is preft.
What woonder then though that you see
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where wretched woe will weave her webbe,
Where care the clewe can catch and cast :
And floodes of joy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

These heares of age are messengers,
Which bidde me fast, repent and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That dooth prepare and dresse the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head such heares to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne ;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musicke is harmonicall :
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares have,
No worfe them take then I have ment:
That after they be layde in grave,
Their foules may joy their lives well spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to be.

From the "Paradise of Daynty Devises,"
Fol. 1. 4. signed W. HUNTS.

RICHARD THE THIRD,
Before the BATTLE of BOSWORTH.

THE King (whose eyes were never fully clos'd,
Whose minde oppress'd with feareful dreames, suppos'd
That he in blood had wallow'd all the night)
Leapes from his restless bed before the light:
Accursed Tirell is the first he spies,
Whom threatning with his dagger, thus he cries;
"How dar'st thou, villaine, so disturbe my sleepe,
Were not the smother'd children buried deepe?
And hath the ground againe been ript by thee,
That I their rotten carcases might see?"
The wretch astonisht hastes away to slide,
(As damned ghosts themselves in darknesse hide)
And calle up three, whose counsels could assuage
The sudden swellings of the Prince's rage:

Ambitious

Ambitious Lovell, who, to gaine his grace,
 Had stain'd the honour of his noble race;
 Perfidious Catesby, by whose curious skill,
 The Law was taught to speake his Master's will:
 And Ratcliffe, deeply learn'd in courtly art,
 Who best could search into his Sovraigne's hart;
 Affrighted Richard, labours to relate
 His hideous dreames, as signes of haplesse Fate:
 "Alas (saide they), such fictions children feare,
 These are not terrors, shewing danger neare,
 But motives sent by some propitious Power,
 To make you watchfull at this early hower;
 These prove that your victorious care prevents
 Your slothfull foes, that slumber in their tents,
 This precious time must not in vaine be spent,
 Which God (your helpe) by heavenly meanes hath lent,"
 He (by these false conjectures) much appeas'd,
 Contemning fancies, which his minde diseas'd,
 Replies;—"I should have been asham'd to tell
 Fond dreames to wise men: whether Heav'n or Hell,
 Or troubled Nature these effects hath wrought:
 I know, this day requires an other thought,
 If some resistlesse strength my cause should crosse,
 Feare will increase, and not redeeme the losse;
 All dangers clouded with the mist of feare,
 Seeme great farre off, but lessen comming neare,
 Away, ye blacke illusions of the night,
 If ye combin'd with Fortune, have the might
 To hinder my designs: ye shall not barre
 My courage seeking glorious death in warre."
 Thus being chear'd he calles aloud for armes,
 And bids that all should rise, whom Morpheus charmes,
 "Bring me (saith he) the harnessse that I wore
 At Teuxbury, which from that day no more
 Hath felt the battries of a civill strife,
 Nor stood betweene destruction and my life."

Upon

Upon his brest-plate he beholds a dint,
 Which in that field young Edward's sword did print :
 This stirres remembrance of his heinous guilt,
 When he that Prince's blood so foulely spilt.
 Now fully arm'd, he takes his helmet bright,
 Which, like a twinkling starre, with trembling light
 Sends radiant lustre through the darksome aire;
 This maske will make his wrinkled visage faire.
 But when his head is cover'd with the steele,
 He tells his servants, that his temples feelee
 Deepe-piercing stings; which breed unusual paines,
 And of the heavy burden much complains.
 Some marke his words, as tokens fram'd t' expresse
 The sharpe conclusion of a sad successe.
 Then going forth, and finding in his way
 A souldier of the watch, who sleeping lay;
 Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,
 He strikes a sword into his trembling heart,
 The hand of death, and iron dulnesse takes
 Those leaden eyes, which naturall ease forsakes:
 The King this morning sacrifice commends,
 And for example, thus the fact defends;
 " I leave him as I found him, fit to keepe
 The silent doores of everlasting sleepe."

Still Richmond slept: for worldly care and feare
 Have times of pausing when the soule is cleare;
 While Heaven's Director, whose revengefull brow
 Would to the guilty head no rest allow,
 Lookes on the other part with milder eyes:
 At his command an Angell swiftly flies
 From sacred Truth's perspicuous gate, to bring
 A crystall vision on his golden wing.
 This Lord thus sleeping, thought he saw and knew
 His lamb-like Unkle, whom that Tiger slew,
 Whose powerfull words encourage him to fight:
 " Goe on, just scourge of murder, Vertue's light,

The

The combate which thou shalt this day endure,
 Makes England's peace for many ages sure,
 Thy strong invasion cannot be withstood,
 The earth afflicts thee with the cry of blood,
 The Heav'n shall blesse thy hopes, and crowne thy joyes,
 See how the Fiends with loud and dismall noyse,
 (Presaging vultures, greedy of their prey)
 On Richard's tent their scaly wings display."

The holy King then offer'd to his view
 A lively tree, on which three branches grew :
 But when the hope of fruit had made him glad,
 All fell to dust : at which the Earle was sad ;
 Yet comfort comes againe, when from the roote
 He sees a bough into the North to shoote,
 Which nourisht there, extends itself from thence,
 And girds this island with a firme defence :
 There he beholds a high and glorious Throne ;
 Where sits a King by lawrell garlands knowne,
 Like bright Apollo in the Muses quires,
 His radiant eyes are watchfull heav'nly fires,
 Beneath his feete pale Envy bites her chaine,
 And snaky Discord whets her sling in vaine.
 " Thou seest (said Henry) wise and potent James,
 This, this is he, whose happy union tames
 The savage Feudes, and shall those lets deface,
 Which keepe the Bordrers from a deare imbrace ;
 Both Nations shall in Britaine's royall crowne,
 Their differing names, the signes of Faction drowne ;
 The silver streames which from this spring increase.
 Bedew all Christian hearts with drops of peace ;
 Observe how hopefull Charles is borne t' assuage,
 The winds that would disturbe this golden age,
 When that great King shall full of glory leave
 The earth as base, then may this Prince receive
 The Diadem, without his father's wrong,
 May take it late, and may possesse it long ;

Above

Above all Europe's Princes shine thou bright,
 O God's selected care, and man's delight."
 Here gentle sleepe forsooke his clouded browes,
 And full of holy thoughts, and pious vowes,
 He kist the ground as soone as he arose,
 When watchfull Digby, who among his foes
 Had wander'd unsuspected all the night,
 Reports that Richard is prepar'd to fight.

Bosworth Field,

by Sir J. Beaumont, p. 1—6.

Edit. 1629. Lond.

RICHARD THE SECOND,

The Morning before his Murder in Pomfret Castle.

WHETHER the soul receives intelligence
 By her near Genius, of the body's end,
 And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
 Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend;
 Or whether Nature else hath conference
 With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
 By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
 And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However,

However, so it is ; the now sad King
(Toss'd here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground ;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering :
Lifts not to eat ; still muses ; sleeps unsound ;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick ;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the Town, and sees how people pass'd ;
Where others liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more ;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

“ O happy Man, saith he, that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields !
If he but knew his good, (how blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptres wields.
Thine, thine is that true Life—that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

“ Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others harms, but feelest none ;
And there thou tell'st of Kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost enquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone ;
And pitiest this my miserable fall :
For pity must have part : envy not all.

“ Thrice

Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see ;
No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
Other mens travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be !
Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

Great Dioclesian (and more great therefore,
For yielding up that whereto Pride aspires)
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the Empire, all what th' Earth admires ;
Thou well didst teach, that he is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires ;
Finding more true delight in that small ground,
Than in possessing all the Earth was found.

Are Kings (that freedom give) themselves not free,
As meaner men, to take what they may give !
What ! are they of so fatal a degree,
That they cannot descend from that, and live ?
Unless they still be Kings, can they not be ?
Nor may they their authority survive ?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath ?
Still am I fear'd ?—is there no way but death ?”

Civil War. B. 3. Stan. LXII.—
LXIX. by S. Daniel.

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